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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

KING FREDERICK VIII. of Denmark, uncle of King George and brother of Queen Alexandra, died suddenly on Tuesday night in the streets of Hamburg. He was staying with his Queen in the Hamburger Hof, went out for an after-dinner stroll, and fell down in an apoplectic fit near the Gänsemarkt. His body was taken to the Morgue in ignorance of its identity. His reign has been neither long nor eventful, though it coincided with an informal reconciliation between Denmark and Germany. The late King was a power in the family circle of royalties, of which he was a governing member, though his personality was rather less genial and expansive than that of that great family King, Edward VII. Of his son, Christian X., who has just been proclaimed in Copenhagen, everyone speaks well, both as to his character and ability, and his democratic feeling.

THE debate on the second reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill concluded on Thursday night, the division showing a majority of 81 votes for the Government. The debate showed some slight signs of Liberal weakening on the question of disendowment, Mr. Harwood and Sir Edward Beauchamp voting against the Bill, and Mr. France saying that he could not vote for the third reading unless he was satisfied on disendowment. On this latter question the Prime Minister, who spoke with great skill and temperate force,

hinted that when the Bill got into Committee the Government would aim at a "just and generous" settlement in favor of the Church and at disposing of the residue in harmony with the "best interests of Wales." We imagine that the date dividing the endowments will be pushed back to the Reformation and that there will also be a compromise on glebe lands. We do not see, however, how tithes could possibly be left to a disestablished Church.

THE most interesting individual speech of the debate was that of Mr. Harwood, who argued against disestablishment on the ground that it was contrary to the spirit of the times, which more and more associated religion with the State, and saw in such movements as Socialism the spirit of religion working through the organisation of politics. Mr. Balfour practically associated himself with this argument, asking the Government not to disendow the Church at the moment when she had to deal with the "vast access" of modern knowledge and criticism. Mr. Masterman took the opposite ground that Establishment injured vital religion—i.e., the only religion worth preserving—and that its warmest advocates were Gallios or disbelievers.

THE closing phases of the debate were chiefly notable for a brilliantly-phrased and finely attuned speech of Lord Hugh Cecil, who always speaks of religion with feeling, and a powerful and combative statement by the Chancellor of the case for relieving the Welsh people—as religious as any in the world—of a form of church organisation in which they do not believe. Lord Hugh read, in this moderate, almost timid, Bill a chapter in the history of persecution, showed a fear lest, with the liberal tendencies of the Free Churches, Christianity in Wales without an Establishment would tend to fade away, said that to define what the word "nation" meant was as hard as to "navigate chaos," and insisted that in the end it was not the persecutors but the persecuted—not tyrannical majorities, but "the unspotted hand and the pure heart"—which would prevail.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE asked with point what kind of religious appeal was made by the descendants of spoliators of the Church like the Duke of Devonshire—their "hands dripping with the fat of sacrilege"—who declared the Bill to be robbery of God. He insisted on the piety, moderation, and patience of the Welsh people, who asked merely for equal justice, and inquired whether it was robbing God to devote Church funds to the ministry of the sick. Mr. George's passionate challenge of the Reformation robberies evoked a great storm, but the debate closed quietly, and the Government's majority showed an increase of three votes on that which secured the first reading of the Bill.

ON Friday of last week Miss Kate Malecka was found guilty at Warsaw of belonging to "a revolutionary organisation aiming at the separation of parts of the country from the Russian Empire," and sentenced to four years' penal servitude, to be followed by life-long

exile in Siberia. The evidence against her was that of the typical spies and *agents provocateurs* of the Russian Secret Service, but even they alleged no definite acts of conspiracy against her. She was in touch with some members of the Polish Socialist Party, was frankly in sympathy with it, and, like every Pole and every friend of Poland, shared the nationalist aspirations of this party. The "dangerous criminals" with whom she admitted acquaintance are men of repute and high character—Mr. Filipovitch, honorably known to many Englishmen during his exile in London, and Mr. Pil-sudzki, the ethnographer, whose collection was acquired by Cambridge University. She denied any knowledge of the active terrorists with whom she is said to have been acquainted. The whole case amounted to this, that this English lady, visiting her father's country, was insufficiently acquainted with the habits and pretensions of its conquerors, and had the imprudence to avow her Socialistic leanings, and to meet in Warsaw Socialistic friends whom she had known in London. A British subject is sentenced for life for opinions which millions of her compatriots safely and openly profess at home!

We need waste no space in expressing indignation against the Russian Government. It has shot, or hanged, or broken for life, tens of thousands of its own subjects as little guilty as Miss Malecka. This matter rests with our own Foreign Office. Sir Edward Grey's answers to questions have so far been unsatisfactory, and he has brusquely refused to receive a deputation. He showed unpardonable weakness last year when he ceased to press for the admission of Miss Malecka's status as a British subject. Born in England of an English mother and a Polish father who had been naturalised, she was by our law a British subject, carried a British passport, and was even described in the indictment as a British subject. In these conditions it is the right and duty of our Foreign Office to insist that no British subject shall be destroyed by such a travesty of justice as this trial. English sentiment applauded Palmerston when he used our fleet to enforce the usurious claims of a Portuguese Jew, naturalised at the back door of some Levantine Consulate, against Greece. Miss Malecka is morally the *civis Britannicus* whom Don Pacifico was only technically, and she is, moreover, as he was not, a worthy object of sympathy. To his Russian ally Sir Edward Grey has already sacrificed almost everything, including our honor. What is the use of our Armadas if they cannot get one Englishwoman out of a Russian gaol?

THE ambiguity of the relations of this country towards our friends or allies of the Continental system formed the subject of a brief but important discussion in the Lords on Wednesday. Lord Portsmouth called attention to the apparent contradiction between Sir Edward Grey's repudiation of "the policy of splendid isolation," and Lord Haldane's announcement that we must be "as free as possible of Continental alliances." Lord Crewe's formal reply only repeated the ambiguity. We had, he said, "no secret entanglements or obligations," but we had "friendly understandings of an intimate character, and what would be the bearing of those understandings upon conceivable foreign complications noble lords who kept an eye on the world at large were as competent to judge as he was." In other words, we have entanglements, but they are not secret—at all events not from noble lords. Lord Midleton incidentally blurted out the fact that we were preparing to send six divisions abroad in the crisis of last year—a statement which no Minister contradicted, though Lord Crewe

made the admission that in some circumstances we might be unable to send even one division abroad.

THE preliminaries of the Six Nations' Loan to China have been concluded, and the first instalment of the sixty millions sterling actually paid over. It is emphatically a political loan, and may be the prelude to the most dangerous complications. China wished to deal with the Four Nations, but Russia and Japan, which certainly have no spare money to lend, insisted on their own inclusion in the partnership. They are believed to have tried to secure extravagant concessions, including a meddlesome form of foreign control, and the total disbanding of the Southern army under foreign supervision. This latter condition would, no doubt, have paved the way for the restoration of the Manchus, amid an anarchy which doubtless would have justified aggressions. So far as can be judged from the telegrams, China has successfully rejected these Russo-Japanese conditions. She accepts a system of foreign audit under a German accountant—a plan which may help to secure honest administration without risking her independence. The payments for the troops will be made through the Customs service. It is not clear what security has been offered, but it is notorious that some of the financiers concerned wish to obtain a mortgage on the vast mineral resources of China. The least slip in these perilous transactions might bring back the phase of "scramble."

THE bad effects of Lord St. Aldwyn's award in South Wales have been checked by arrangements in the English districts which both parties have accepted. There is some hitch in Northumberland, but in Cumberland, in Lancashire and Cheshire, in the Forest of Dean and the Midlands, the 5s. and 2s. seem to have been generally conceded, or very nearly approached. There have been compromises on the general minimum rates for coal-getters, but the spirit has been conciliatory, and the men appear satisfied.

WE are glad to hear that the Committee of the Cabinet which is investigating the industrial unrest, under Mr. Lloyd George's chairmanship, has had before it much representative evidence. But there is one witness who can give the Cabinet more direct and first-hand evidence as to the troubles in the Labor world than anybody else, and that is Mr. Tom Mann. Unfortunately Mr. Mann is now in prison for a fault of language which Tolstoy might almost equally have committed, and is not available for his proper service to the community. We imagine that, especially in view of our efforts to obtain a gaol delivery for Miss Malecka, the release of Mr. Mann cannot be long delayed. In particular, we cannot imagine that Mr. Burns can retain his position on the Treasury Bench with either comfort or credit so long as the man who helped him to win the "dockers' tanner" remains in prison.

MR. CHURCHILL has formally announced that he will ask for a supplementary naval estimate, in order to answer the additional vote of £342,466 for new construction under the revised German Naval Bill. We believe that the sum asked for will be at least three-quarters of a million. We confess we see no ground for this haste, especially in view of the fact that the answer to the additional German construction, which Mr. Churchill foreshadowed last March, need not begin to take effect until 1913, when the first of the fresh German Dreadnoughts will be laid down. Meanwhile, the First Lord, speaking on Wednesday, at the dinner of the Ship-

wrights' Company, suggested that the mobility of the Fleet was reduced by its concentration in the decisive theatres of European waters, spoke of the "development" of "tremendous forces" against us, and called on the Dominions to increase their naval power. What is this but the language of excess, used at a moment when our Navy stands at the very top of its strength in comparison with the next strongest Power? Meanwhile, Liberal discontent with the reservation of the realised surplus is growing, and a powerful deputation, representing, we believe, about seventy members of Parliament, is to see the Prime Minister.

\* \* \*

THE nomination of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein to the German Embassy in London is now officially announced, and with it comes definite and probably accurate news of the programme which he is charged to realise. The scheme of the negotiations for a settlement of outstanding colonial and economic questions is sketched by the well-informed Berlin correspondent of the "Temps." The main item is the partition of exclusive economic spheres of interest in the African colonies of Portugal on the Persian model, leaving their territorial status unchanged. Germany will recognise our pretensions in the Persian Gulf, and accede to our wishes as to the Gulf section of the Bagdad railway. In return, she seeks compensations in Zanzibar and Walfisch Bay. Such a programme seems workmanlike and easy of realisation. The French press in some quarters expresses uneasiness, while the "Times" and the "Observer" have embarked on what looks like an inspired campaign, with the object of putting public opinion on its guard against Baron Marschall. Their offensive suggestion is that the new Ambassador is likely to exercise a sinister influence on the Liberal press. One can only infer that the satellites of our Foreign Office doubt its capacity to deal on equal terms with a capable Ambassador, and are seeking to neutralise his personal influence betimes.

\* \* \*

A NEW and dreadful light has been thrown on the loss of the "Titanic" by the sifting of the evidence of the captain and the officers of the Leyland liner "Californian." This vessel had been stopped by the ice at a distance of less than twenty miles from the "Titanic." From her deck all the significant events of the tragedy were seen and noted—the sending up of the white rockets (the familiar signal of distress at sea); the stoppage of the vessel, and the simultaneous disappearance of her deck lights; and the heavy list to starboard. The captain of the "Californian" insisted that the vessel which he saw was not the "Titanic," but a much smaller ship. This evidence, however, was contradicted by that of the first, second, and third mates, and of an apprentice. Apparently, the captain thought it worth while to communicate by means of the Morse lamp, but, getting no reply, did not arouse the Marconi operator, and thus failed to receive the frantic signals for help which the "Titanic" was sending out over the deep. It is impossible to understand why, even on the theory that the distressed ship was not the "Titanic," but a smaller vessel, the signal of distress—so familiar and so appalling in its significance—was not responded to.

\* \* \*

MEANWHILE we observe that a third-class steward on the "Titanic" states that, though he was commissioned to get the third-class women and children into

the boats, he could not persuade many of them to leave the ship. At the same time, it appeared that these people were told—not on his own authority—that the vessel was not hurt. He was asked why he told them this. "To keep them quiet, of course," commented Lord Mersey. The situation was, of course, a most difficult one, but we should have liked the President to follow up the first question with another inquiry: How he could expect people to leave the shelter of a great liner for an open boat in the Atlantic, after assuring them that the vessel was safe?

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THE Taft-Roosevelt wrangle for the Presidential candidature has reached a level of degradation lower even than the Hearst campaign in New York. Mr. Roosevelt's truculent egoism is a tempting butt for ridicule, but Mr. Taft's humor is a heavy weapon, and the telegraphic extracts from his speeches are a startling compound of slang, bad taste, and bitterness. In such a match, Mr. Roosevelt will probably prove himself the more vigorous vulgarian of the two. Certainly his chances continue to improve. Insurgency dominates the West, and Mr. Roosevelt has just carried California, where it was expected that the women's vote would be cast against him as an anti-suffragist. Wisconsin and Dakota have preferred Senator La Follette, who stands not only against the "bosses," but against their work, the Tariff. In the Democratic camp, the issue is much clearer than it was, and Mr. Champ Clark will probably be nominated by a sufficient majority.

\* \* \*

THE Kaiser has raised a storm all through Germany by a threat made at a luncheon to the Burgo-master of Strassburg, that unless the Landtag behaved itself, he would do away with the Constitution of Alsace-Lorraine, and turn the Reichsland into a Prussian province. He has no personal power to effect any such change, and even if he got the consent of the Federal Council and the Reichstag, Germany outside Prussia would be up in arms against such tyranny. The language is the less defensible, inasmuch as the provocation was personal rather than political—the Alsace-Lorraine Landtag having interfered with the Kaiser's hunting rights and charity fund.

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THE House of Commons and the Liberal Party have suffered a great loss in the death of Sir George White, the Chairman of the Nonconformist Committee. Parliament contained few men more admirable in character, or more sane and just in view, and it is a matter of regret that so well-tempered and progressive a mind was not taken into the inner counsels of the Government. Sir George was a religious man in the high sense that he looked at public work not as a way to empty and egoistic advancement, but as a means of service to his country. He was a very good friend of new causes, keen that Liberalism should go continually ahead and keep and increase its touch with the Labor Party. On these lines he kept the Liberals of Norwich and the Eastern counties in good and firm relations with the workmen, when less wise and far-seeing influences would have torn the two forces apart. He was a speaker of weight, knowledge, and conviction; and he was one of the best educationalists in England. Indeed, if he had gone to the Education Office he might well have solved the problem of a working Education Bill, for he had breadth as well as strength of view. But his great distinction in public life was the purity and disinterestedness of his character.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE GENIUS OF THE "DAILY MAIL."

It is not at all surprising that a writer in the "Daily Mail," who is generally identified with Lord Northcliffe, should take advantage of the amalgamation of the "Daily News" and the "Morning Leader," under fresh and very able management, to proclaim the conquering advent of the halfpenny daily press. The price of the modern newspaper, he tells us, has now arrived at its "world level," prescribed by the irrevocable habit of the populous cities of London, New York, Paris, Berlin, and Milan. This level is prescribed and maintained by some indispensable factors in the production of the modern newspaper. Vast circulations are required to feed the immense cost of the popular news-sheet. These, again, guarantee the necessary flow of advertisements; while the ability to attract the public in the mass can only reside with those who command capital, not by paltry thousands of pounds, but by the hundreds of thousands. This money-force, in turn, can call up at will the literary power of a community, is able to raise the standard of payment and self-respect in journalism, and as its appeal is to the average taste and understanding of the democracy, need not rely on those seamy elements of crime and vice to which the penny press of Victorian times was driven to appeal. The new journalist neither cadges nor drinks like the old. He is given a somewhat narrower choice of proprietors, but as they are recruited from the respectable classes, and are neither "financiers," nor "advertisers," nor wire-pullers, the press is virtually delivered from its old servitude. The nature of the new directing influences is not precisely indicated, but the reader is led to infer that they abound in nobility and public spirit. One condition of this admirable enterprise is, indeed, indispensable. There cannot be very much of it. A capitalist, or a group of adventurers, who can merely control a paltry £70,000 or £80,000 need not enter a field where £300,000 or £400,000 are freely squandered on a single gem like the "Evening News." Lord Northcliffe even fears that the output of London daily newspapers may be still further restricted. At least "four Unionist newspapers are in the market"—while "others are so water-logged with mortgages and debentures as to be barely able to leave port for their daily or evening trip." Soon the highways of the soul will be ploughed up only by the "Titanics" which issue from the vast stations of the Amalgamated Press and its permitted rivals. The change will, it is hinted, be to the profit of our public morals; for, apart from the general proneness of the Victorian papers to "Crim. Con. cases," the threepenny press had contracted the sin of spiritual pride, and had begun to look down on the penny one. Now, indeed, the wheel has come full circle, for, from its newly attained moral elevation, the halfpenny looks down on the penny.

The reader will perhaps have discovered some gaps in this ingenuous narrative. It does not happen to be true that all is over with the penny press in this country

or elsewhere. If there is a newspaper solidly grounded in the esteem of a great public and the confidence of a great commercial community, it is the "Manchester Guardian"; and very much the same may be said of undertakings like the "Liverpool Post" and the "Yorkshire Post." And when Lord Northcliffe rebukes the addiction of the old penny press to the reporting of vice and crime, he is a little oblivious of such incidents as the elaborate dramatisation of the Thaw case by the "Weekly Dispatch," and his swift descent on a released criminal, whom he snatched from a dozen rivals and led triumphantly captive to his own quick-glancing spear. Even the issue of the "Daily Mail" which contains his article testifies, by a meadow of advertisements hemming in a rivulet of trade "notices," to the fact that the age of "puffs" is not, as he suggests, quite gone by with the decline of the "old newspaper." That print had indeed many grave disfigurements. It altogether lacked the nimbleness of mind, the swift, superficial glance at the spinning movement of time, which the genius of men like Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Hearst illustrates in their own personalities, and has evoked in the powerfully manipulated machinery they control. It was indeed a most imperfect commercial instrument. Seeing its defects, Lord Northcliffe had a great and in its way a Napoleonic idea. He applied the model of a great shop to the conduct of a popular newspaper. He carried his notion into the details as well as the principles of its management. Discarding the whole equipment of the thinker and the teacher, and generalising ably from his earlier experience on "Tit-Bits" and "Answers," he called, not for sympathisers or for converts, but for customers—customers of all ranks and opinions and of both sexes, with snobbery as the firm cement of the entire connection. Thus, in our shop-keeping "Vanity Fair" he keeps what is perhaps the biggest shop of all, speculating in all forms and tints of the reaction, "dressing" his windows with quick adaptation to the common taste, and aiming only at the appearance of culture, or of intellectual power and direction. This is the halfpenny press as he has conceived and realised it, though it be not the type with which we shall expect to associate the re-organised "Daily News and Leader."

This interesting phenomenon is now a part of the life of the nation, and is not likely to disappear from it. The form is not absolutely stable. A cleverer *entrepreneur* than Lord Northcliffe might eclipse or even supersede him. But his supple courtship of the mass, fortified as it is by a power of directing and stimulating its passion for amusement, gives him an easy hold on a community like our own. Yet it is money, not power, which the "Daily Mail" wants and gets. When London was in earnest about civic reform, or when Britain grew tired of *laissez faire* Toryism and fearful of Protection, a dozen "Daily Mails" would not have availed to stem the tide. It is, indeed, on the slighter Southern half of England, clinging tight to London, itself the great parasite of the Empire, that the "Daily Mail" and its satellites maintain their chief



hold. But the part of the caterer is to watch and feed the caprices of the great goddess Usus, not to control them, to make the motley world of buyers and sellers, gossips, entertainers, artists, athletes, professionals, adventurers, charlatans, sportsmen, servants, and average souls feel that the Harmsworth press is something that can turn the current of money and fashion a little their way. Thus its thought is always timid and conventional like their thought, changeable like theirs, sentimental like theirs, sham-romantic, beneath the clever calculation of its real aims, as theirs is often genuinely romantic. Occasionally it tries something like an adventure. It aims at catching out a Radical leader like the Chancellor at the moment when it thinks that he has gone too far, or made too heavy a call on the easily slackened energies of the nation. But the conditions of the life of such a press forbid any prolonged or serious intellectual effort. Its columns are so many bids for the hourly interests of the crowd. Its goods are perishable; their setting must be changed before the eye is caught by a smarter window in a rival store. Thus, the "Daily Mail" and its associates lack the flashes of public spirit, even of public conscience, which relieve the commonness of the sensational American press. They have not a touch of its audacity, its recurring appetite for reforming, or even subversive, power.

It is this deliberate and prudent shallowness of the Harmsworth press which, in spite of its general good-temper, its desire to appease and even to court the more upright and clear-minded forces in the national life, is the main ground of its disservice. Take the disaster to the "Titanic." The country now sees that the chief moral of that catastrophe is very far from being the courage of some of its sons. Physical bravery in sudden peril is the stamp of our seamen, the fruit of their temper and training. A thousand lifeboatmen exhibit it during a stormy November in forms at once purer and more richly remunerative than the loss of the "Titanic" could possibly illustrate. But that event was a real and serious blow at our character and repute in our historic and all-important business as the most famous of sea-carriers. Sensible men know the existence of the faults that drove the "Titanic" full-speed on to the iceberg, and, as we see to-day, sent two-thirds of her company to their doom. They are faults of our fashion of evading problems of science and organisation, and living in the illusion of a world-spirit which cherishes in its heart a specially tender spot for the moral beauties of the British nation. Warning after warning arises to rebuke this sentimental self-confidence, which plunged us, a few short years ago, into the blunders of the South African War. None of them are heeded. The newspaper talk in these calamities is of the heroism of individuals, not of the reckless folly—the want of heart and head—which sent the heroes to their deaths. It is the popular press, with its passion for pleasing at all costs, its timid reliance on the advertising interest, which consistently feeds the vanity of the nation, and as consistently refuses to call upon her to

"Rally the good in the depths of thyself!"

This is the evil of the purely commercial press. For, though it appeals to feeling rather than to definite

opinion and rationality, it is itself without feeling, and answers not to the faith of the community, but to its scepticism and moral feebleness. The courtiers of King Demos tell the truth to him no more than they tell it to King George. For that reason we may well welcome the rise of what Mr. Zangwill calls the "enthusiastic spirit" to which the new Labor press is likely to minister, and which will, in its turn, stimulate the Liberal press to a more vigorous examination of the weaknesses in the fabric of civilised life, and to a freshly inspired effort to repair them.

H. W. M.

#### CO-PARTNERSHIP IN INDUSTRY.

THE settlements of recent conflicts between capital and labor give little assurance of permanent industrial peace. They have been the expression of opportunist improvisation rather than of considered principle. The extension of the public power to fix wages in the mines has indeed been greeted with favor as a legitimate assertion of the rights of the general public to repress industrial brawlers. But others, again, regard the precedent with grave suspicion as an unwarrantable interference with the right of employers and employed to settle their own differences in their own way. The atmosphere remains so visibly perturbed that anxious thought is being concentrated everywhere upon the discovery of more palatable methods of securing industrial peace. Among the various projects which are doubtless exercising the mind of the Committee of the Cabinet that is investigating the industrial unrest, the principles of profit-sharing and labor co-partnership are probably included. May it not be possible, within the several businesses which are the units of industry, to secure a clearer and stronger harmony of interests than exists at present between capital and labor? In every business this harmony of interests exists within certain limits. It is to the interest of the employer to pay such wages and to admit such other favorable conditions as will secure the efficient and willing co-operation of labor. It is to the interest of the workers that capital also shall have its living wage, and ability of management a fair remuneration. If harmonious conditions do not everywhere prevail, human folly, not the wage-system, is to blame.

But this essential harmony is consistent with a good deal of discord and divergency of interest wherever the product yields a margin over and above these necessary costs. Wherever skill, or prosperous times, or some advantage of process or of market makes a business exceptionally profitable, labor naturally seeks to get a share of these profits, and trouble may arise. Why, then, not bind the interests of capital and labor more closely, by securing for the workers some share in the profits, or even some share also in the capital that "earns" the profits? During the last half-century a considerable number of detached experiments have been made along these lines, and not a few politicians and business men are favorably disposed to this escape from the dreadful prospect of incessant strife which otherwise they see before them. If labor could become to a sufficient extent the owner of the capital with which it worked, unity of interest and pur-

pose would clearly be secured. It would not then much matter to a worker whether he got a rise of wages or took it out in profits or dividends. If, then, an arrangement can be made by which a bonus or a share in profits can be secured for the worker, to that extent his interests will be identified with those of his employer. If, further, he can be induced to apply this bonus or profit to the purchase of a share in the business, he then becomes a direct partner, and may even have a voice in its control.

In the current issue of the "Contemporary Review" Mr. Theodore Cooke Taylor, himself a partner in a woollen manufactory run upon co-partnership lines, makes an interesting plea for this humaner type of business. Admitting that in a good many instances the principle of profit-sharing, as that of co-operation in every form, has been abused by sharp business firms trading under a sham philanthropy, he urges that a sufficient number of sound experiments have been made to entitle the method to wider attention. While entirely favorable to such experiments, we must frankly confess that the evidence does not appear to support any wide or general application of the principle. Where it has succeeded, its success appears to us explained by one of two conditions, neither of which is normal in modern competitive industry. The only trade where it has been successfully applied to a considerable number of businesses is the gas trade, in which Sir G. Livesey, of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, acted as pioneer. These businesses, however, enjoy a position of local monopoly under legal regulations by which higher dividends on stock are secured by lower prices to the consumer. It has not been difficult to graft on such provisions a rule putting wages on a similar footing with profits, by adding a bonus corresponding with the fall of prices. An organic harmony between the interests of capital, labor, and consumer seems to have been thus attained in a number of these companies. The bulk of the success in these cases, however, is evidently due to the fact that the Company is compelled to reduce prices in order to raise profits, and has thus a special interest in securing the effective co-operation of labor in doing so. No argument can be drawn from these semi-public monopolies as to the application of the profit-sharing principle in ordinary trade.

When we turn to the broader annals of co-partnership and profit-sharing, the experiments appear to us to divide into two classes. Where the experiment has been made on strict business principles in competitive trade it has generally broken down, and for reasons which appear rooted in the nature of the experiment. For the ordinary lines of the experiment are as follows: First, fix a standard wage and a normal rate of profits, estimated on an average of past years. Let these be first charges on the product. Then, when these charges have been met, if any extra product, so-called profit, remains, let it be divided into two parts, either equal in amount or proportionate to the aggregate of capital and of wages respectively, and paid in extra dividends and bonuses on wages. In some cases it is an express condition that all or part of the bonus on wages shall be left in the business, being represented by workmen's shares upon which the usual dividend is paid. Now, this scheme has

usually failed for the following plain reasons: The new economic motive introduced is a stimulus to the workers to put more skill, care, and energy into their work, and by this means to increase the size or value of the product. This enhanced product is entirely due to labor; no more plant is needed, and no more managing and supervising ability. But, having given out this extra care or energy, the workers enjoy no assurance of getting for themselves any part of the extra product it creates. When, for reasons of bad trade or bad management, the ordinary dividend on capital would have fallen below the agreed rate, the whole of this extra product goes to keep up the dividend, and labor gets nothing. In an average year, labor gets in bonuses on wages not more, and usually less, than a half of the extra product, the whole of which it has made. Only in years of boom, when profits are abnormally high, does labor get anything like the full amount of the extra product, which is confused with "profit," and divided under that title between labor that has earned it and capital that has not.

Where a trade is very steady in its earnings, and so labor always gets something as its share of "profits," it is possible that so one-sided a scheme may bring contentment among workers. But in most businesses lean years will come, when the workers see the whole of their extra care and labor swept into ordinary dividends, and they will not stand it. In the cases of competitive businesses where success can reasonably be claimed, we nearly always find that the generosity of the employer has departed from the strict business footing, and has packed the conditions so as to secure success. This is done by fixing an abnormally low dividend as the standard wage for capital, say 5 per cent. instead of 10 per cent., or in neglecting to allow for the goodwill of the business in the capital account—two conditions evidently favorable to labor in the Batley experiment. Where the employer is exceptional in the personal enthusiasm he brings to bear and in the terms accorded to the workers, he is sometimes able to obtain good results, especially in businesses where much depends upon the goodwill and zeal of the employees, and less upon machinery and mere routine.

Upon the objection usually raised by workmen against profit-sharing, that it is designed to break trade-unionism and the solidarity of labor within the general trades, we do not lay great stress. For if the method proved really efficacious and of general application, offering a sure and fairly rapid mode of uniting the interests of capital and labor, by enabling most workmen substantially to supplement their earnings by profits, it would matter very little what the original intentions of the pioneers of so beneficial a process might have been. We desire above all things to see harmony between capital and labor in each trade, provided the interests of consumers are likewise secured. We desire to see permanency of employment, and a sense of goodwill and comradeship among all those engaged in a common business enterprise. But before we can accept profit-sharing or co-partnership as a main road to industrial peace, we must have clearer testimony to its applicability by ordinary men of business to ordinary businesses.

## REALITIES OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

INTO the merely personal aspects of the struggle that is now raging between President Taft and Mr. Roosevelt there is no need to enter; they are too squalid and unimportant to concern anyone but the friends and countrymen of the contestants. But there are other features of the campaign with a less ephemeral interest for students of American affairs. For one thing, it marks a definite cleavage inside the ranks of the Republican Party between the Radicals and the Conservatives. We use the terminology of English politics because it really seems to suit the case better than the labels which the Americans have themselves adopted. The Radicals, with Mr. Roosevelt as their nominal head, are waking up to the fact that democracy in the United States has all but completely broken down, that the popular will is frustrated and perverted by the union between industrial cupidity and conscienceless politics, that the millionaires and the bosses and their allies or henchmen in the Courts are the true rulers of the country, and that a series of interlocked and highly organised "interests" are able to exploit the nation and its resources, and to dictate legislation pretty much as they please. Mr. Birrell's dictum that minorities must suffer has never, or very rarely, held good for American politics. In the United States it is the entrenched and cohesive minority that as a rule manipulates everything; and to dislodge this minority and to restore to the people as a whole the rights filched from them is the supreme aim of the American Radicals. Mr. Roosevelt is their leader, because though excessively wordy and inconsequent, and incapable of thinking things out, he does instinctively detest Privilege in all the many forms in which Privilege bestrides his country, he has a pristine faith in the plain people, and he is possessed, besides, of the indispensable power of rousing enthusiasm. As President he sought righteous ends, though by means that were often ill-considered, turbulent, and sensational; and the programme he now puts forward, though it bears all over it the marks of the political sciolist, is half redeemed by the democratic fervor which inspires it. As a check upon legislation framed at the dictation of the "interests," he favors the initiative and referendum. To keep public officers true to their trust, he endorses the principle of their recall by popular vote. As a means of restricting the power of the bosses and of breaking up the partnership between the corporations and the professional politicians, he advocates the nomination of candidates by the direct vote of the people. That the electors may know for whom they are voting and may be in a position to hold them to account, he approves of the introduction of the short ballot. When the clear will of the people and legislature of a State is thwarted by the action of the Courts in pronouncing unconstitutional a measure essential to social well-being, he would submit the decision of the judiciary to popular reversal or ratification. These, with the conservation of the natural resources of the country for the benefit of the whole community, and the Federal regulation of the railways and the big business corporations, are the main planks in the Radical platform.

One may, perhaps, sum them all up by saying that they are the expression of a confused but none the less potent determination to make representative government really representative, to release popular liberties and legislative freedom from the grip of organised wealth, the pedantry of the courts, and the machinations of political wirepullers, to assert the supremacy of national over private and sectional interests, and to save social and industrial welfare and economic opportunity from becoming the mere spoil of a plutocracy. An impulse towards a more equal and a more equitable civilisation is undoubtedly at work among the mass of the American people, and its genuineness may be gauged from the support which has gathered round Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for the Presidential nomination. He entered the arena at almost the eleventh hour, and with little or no organisation behind him. He was hampered by the necessity of explaining away his clear pledge of 1904, by his old-time friendship with Mr. Taft, by the suspicion that he was not treating his successor fairly, by the prejudice against a third term in the White House, and by the resentment that is so easily directed against anyone who impairs the party unity and interferes with the smooth working of the machine. The East viewed his candidature and his programme with boundless alarm; he had no patronage to distribute; he was challenging the inveterate custom of American politics that almost automatically awards to any President who desires it a re-nomination at the close of his first term; about ninety-five per cent. of the regular political leaders, practically all the big corporations, and almost all the newspapers from which Englishmen are accustomed to draw their misinformation on American affairs have been hotly against him; and he was appealing against a President whose record, while politically a failure, had been productive of some administrative achievements.

Yet with all these disadvantages, and in spite of the utmost exertions of the "machine" and the most unsparing use of Federal patronage as an electioneering weapon, Mr. Roosevelt's campaign has met already with a measure of success that renders Mr. Taft's nomination more than doubtful. Wherever the Republicans of the rank and file have been free to express their preferences without the intervention of the bosses, they have declared in his favor and against Mr. Taft; and it is difficult to doubt that had a system of direct and intelligible primaries been in operation all over the country, the ex-President would by now have secured a majority of the delegates. The success of his propaganda is due in part, no doubt, to the character of his personality. But it is due far more to the conviction that he is the only man in the Republican Party who can be regarded as an effective champion of the masses against the plutocracy, and to the failure of Mr. Taft to persuade the people that in the clash of human rights with property rights he is on the popular side. To describe Mr. Taft as consciously the friend and supporter of privilege would be to do him an injustice. But it seems fair to say that he is not the man to lead the attack upon it.

The struggle between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft has, therefore, its aspects of real importance, and it is a healthy symptom that it should have broken out in the



party that for over fifty years, with the accidental exception of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, has been conspicuously the henchman of capital and the breeding-ground of bosses. It is one more sign that the profound unrest which is stirring American society is slowly condensing into an organised political form, that the old parties, with their meaningless labels and obsolete battle-cries, are breaking up beneath the pressure of new social and economic problems, and that the future of American politics is to be divided on far more realistic and natural lines than at present obtain, between a party of progress and a party of reaction. But at the same time, and from another standpoint, there is something almost incredibly thin and academic in this whole Roosevelt-Taft controversy. The tendencies which each represents are linked on to no specific problem of national moment. Amid an infinity of personal recrimination, and much windy discussion of theories, neither of the two protagonists ever comes to grips with a really tangible issue, or submits a definite policy to the judgment of the electorate. Each wanders over an illimitable field of speculation and half-baked metaphysics. There are four great unsettled American problems that a commercial community, one would think, would pre-eminently desire to see rationally solved. But neither on the currency question, nor the banking question, nor the fiscal question, nor the compendious question of the Trusts, can one gather from Mr. Taft's or Mr. Roosevelt's speeches the policies and measures that either would recommend to Congress. Nearly all the issues which they have dealt with are State and not national issues, and will not be affected one way or the other whatever be the result of the Presidential election; and of these local issues, the one that has aroused the greatest interest and discussion is Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for the popular revision of the decisions of State courts on matters of constitutional interpretation. One has only to contrast such a trumpery issue as this with the living, intensive problems that dominate political thought in Europe to realise the comparative hollowness and make-believe of American politics. One has only, too, to reflect that all the turmoil stirred up by the Roosevelt-Taft contest is for the purpose of deciding nothing more vital than the choice of a party candidate for a single office, in order to perceive that the over-elaboration of the mere machinery of politics is in itself one of the most formidable obstacles to the efficiency of American statesmanship.

## THE TREND OF FOREIGN POLICY.

### II.—PLACES IN THE SUN.

THERE is always a risk that a group whose main work over a long series of years has been protest may exaggerate its own critical thesis and underestimate its own strength. To the Radicals and the Labor Party in this country, who have been agitating for a more adequate public control of foreign affairs, it has seemed that a secret diplomacy, working on the basis of treaties with suppressed articles and understandings whose full implication is never explicitly avowed, has become of late all but omnipotent. In the curious circum-

stances which have attended the welcome nomination of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein to the German Embassy in London there is an implied rebuke to total pessimism. The Germans, on their side, were clearly anxious, even at some cost to the niceties of diplomatic etiquette, to make his coming a notable event, which should raise expectations, interest the general mind, and mobilise in both countries the elements which desire a cordial understanding. They were at pains to make around his coming an atmosphere which would be favorable to a comprehensive negotiation. The answer, on our side, in that section of our press which has echoed the more questionable tendencies of our foreign policy, was no less significant. The "Times"—so constantly used by the Foreign Office as the organ of its policy, and so universally accepted abroad as its representative—appeared as the pedantic critic of all this publicity, depicted the new Ambassador as an attractive but very dangerous force, and sought to counteract in advance any personal influence he may be able to wield as the envoy of one nation to another, by warning him against any intercourse with British journalists. The attitude of both sides in this singular preliminary skirmish implied a belief that public opinion counts. It is, then, of the first importance that the motives and the origins of the European tension which centres in the Anglo-German rivalry should be clearly understood.

It is easy in a general sketch to expose some of the lurking fallacies which cluster round a phrase like the "balance of power." There is no struggle to dominate Europe. There is only a rivalry in alliances and armaments among the European Powers to achieve a certain freedom of action and expansion far beyond the limits of Europe, and that expansion has for its typical object the acquisition of coveted economic opportunities—loans, concessions, railways, and spheres of interest and monopoly. Such a thesis is apt to offend by its apparent triviality and commonplace. When the plain man sees the Dreadnoughts rising on the stocks, and listens to the gossip about crises and military preparations, his commonsense is offended when he is told that the trouble is about nothing more serious than a few mines and railways and bankers' ventures. The plain man is right. The potent pressure of economic expansion is the motive force in an international struggle; for a people which has bent all its brains, and will bend them for a generation, to the task of industrial organisation, mines and railways in the half-exploited regions of the earth are not a trivial matter. But the starting-point in such a rivalry is soon forgotten. Danger begins when the mass mind generalises and declares that it is threatened by a policy of encirclement. The difficulty between Britain and Germany is not Bagdad nor even Morocco, but the general sense that a diplomatic combination and a naval preponderance are being used to exclude Germany from "places in the sun." The moment that suspicion dawns, the origins of the rivalry are forgotten. It becomes a general engagement, and all the channels of human folly pour into it their reserves. The military instinct with all the interests behind it is aroused, and on its side fights the healthy national will

not to be worsted in a trial of endurance and sacrifice. Subtler but equally potent is the scientific chauvinism which demands for the German race a place in the world commensurate with its own efficiency. It is the consciously scientific race, and it looks down with a contempt that finds frequent expression on our obsolete methods of education, our "slackness," the relative illiteracy of our ruling class, the abundant leisures and pleasures of our propertied caste, and all the phenomena which suggest a crew resting on its oars and inviting a more strenuous people to pass it in the race. The manifestations of these tendencies are typically German. They betray organisation. Public opinion is not left to follow naturally this dangerous train of thought. Books pour from the press to direct and instruct it.

Without attempting to dissect the froth of popular emotion, we can, by tracking the course of one central dispute, give a probable answer to the question whether it is economic ends which German diplomacy chiefly pursues. The Moroccan trouble has been by general consent the chief material of the European struggle. Twice at least it has brought its imminent risk of war. We began the whole dispute with a misunderstanding. We neither realised what Germany meant when she talked of her concern for "trade," nor were we allowed to know how the Anglo-French Agreement had threatened it. Most of us were inclined to retort that German trade with Morocco, measured in exports and imports, was not a vital matter. The course of the dispute has taught us that it is not so much the trade in goods which matters in such disputes, as the interests sunk in local concessions. We have seen Germany make good the sincerity of her original professions by bargaining at the close of the long crisis purely on this basis. She made a *détente* with France on the ground of economic co-operation, and concluded peace in the end in return for a series of elaborate guarantees touching her interest in mines and public works. One can but judge the secret motive by the demands which are eventually put forward when a question enters the sphere of negotiation. The presumption is that, from the first, Morocco meant for Berlin nothing more and nothing less than a rich field which was in danger of being closed to German enterprise.

When the dispute began, a reasonable Englishman could see that Germany had certain grounds for complaint. The fate of a dying Empire ought not to be settled by an exclusive bargain between two Powers alone. It is a matter for the Concert, and Germany had a good right to protest against our failure to notify her of our bargain. To a young Power, acutely conscious of her future, the precedent involved is clearly of the first importance. What is done in Africa to-day may be repeated in Asia to-morrow. But no one understood why it was that Germany, after taking the conclusion of the *entente* very quietly, suddenly assumed a hostile attitude a year later, when the Kaiser went to Tangier. The mystery was impenetrable at the time, and the current guess that Germany was merely taking advantage of the general European situation to intimidate France and break the *entente cordiale* seemed at least plausible. We know to-day what German diplomacy

had discovered during that year of silence. There were secret clauses in the Agreement which sanctioned the partition of Morocco. Had Germany failed to protest, she must have found herself eventually confronted with a French Protectorate over the greater part of Morocco, backed and defended by a British alliance. A French Protectorate without conditions would have meant for her the loss of all the opportunities which she has now secured for her capitalists in the mines, railways, and public monopolies of a great tract of country which probably has a great industrial future. Had we known in 1905, as German diplomatists almost certainly did, of the existence of those secret clauses, the course of German policy, for all its too-dramatic and forcible methods, would not have seemed to average British opinion the sinister thing it did. There was at stake for Germany, not merely a great potential material interest, but also a vital principle. The Kaiser once said that Germany should be so strong that nothing ought to happen in the world over which she was not consulted. Applied to this concrete illustration, we can understand what he meant. Speaking for a young Power, which feels every year the growing necessity of economic expansion, he was protesting against the closing to German enterprise, by one-sided and secret bargains between older Powers, of every field of opportunity. If it was worth while for Germany to turn the European world upside down for such a stake, the explanation is that she had in mind not merely Morocco, but her general claim to a share in similar places in the sun. If the way to these places lay through a seven years' struggle over the balance of power, she faced the cost and paid the price. The question of to-day is whether a friendly arrangement can be reached over these concrete issues without a further period of European anarchy.

#### THE ARGUMENT FOR A "LIBERAL" ESTABLISHMENT.

THE debate on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill seems to us to have yielded one argument of special interest, and that is the plea of the Liberal Erastians for a State Church on the ground that it is the best guarantee of a liberal atmosphere in religion, an "offer" of religious service to all the community without money and without price. This was the interesting plea of Mr. Harwood, the member for Bolton. It underlay Mr. Balfour's appeal to the Churches to cease wrangling with each other and to unite upon the "spiritual good of future generations," and it was not absent from the debates on the French Separation Bill. A Liberal State—runs the argument—is the proper guardian of the Church; its saviour from the clerical failings of reaction in politics and obscurantism in faith. The Prime Minister lent some countenance to this contention when he claimed, with truth, that his scheme of patronage had been governed by a sincere desire to keep the Anglican Church on lines of "comprehensiveness." Why, then, loose this gentle, liberalising influence of the State on the Church? The argument is not a new one. Matthew Arnold revived it in a generation when the impulse to disestablishment was stronger than it is to-day, but in its present form it re-

presents a controversy—not to say a mortal quarrel—between the neo-Catholics and the elder school of Broad Churchmen. The Gladstonian High Churchman, equally with the Baptist or the Unitarian, shrinks from the polluting or the deadening hand of the State; the Broad Churchman dreads the battle which he sees he will have to fight under disestablishment against a narrow and, perhaps, a vindictive clericalism. Why, he asks, should a Liberal Government war against Liberalism? Why, in a sceptical, materialist age, does it encourage the State to proclaim her indifference to the spiritual side of life, so valuable as a reinforcement of its protest against social injustice?

The answer to these questions may not be obvious to the sceptical spirit of our time, but we cannot see what difficulty they present to the religious temperament. For it is clear that the two schools have two different types of Church in view. One is thinking of the Church of the average sensible man, the other of that pattern of a Church which, as it is laid up in Heaven, almost all thinkers and teachers cherish in their inmost imagination. And we doubt whether any such idealist rests his hopes on an Establishment. No British democracy outside these islands has done so, nor any non-Catholic European people. If we are not mistaken, the Catholic Church itself now commands a majority of members attached to countries where no establishment of Catholicism exists. And setting aside these obvious movements in the world of faith, what topsy-turvy idea of a National Church is that which would found it on a minority of a people, divorce it from their language, and cut it off from their poetry and literature? If the Church and the State should have identical activities, then it is impossible to found the former on a mere fraction of a nation—and those of the richer classes—and to hold it apart from everything that gives a country its distinction and individuality. Which is the more characteristic product of Welsh nationality—Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Ormsby-Gore? Yet it is an establishment according to Mr. Ormsby-Gore on behalf of which these liberalising effects are invoked. An Established Church, said Mr. Masterman, was never on the side of the poor; and if it neither comes from the poor, nor is supported by the poor, nor even can speak in the tongue of the poor, we must resolutely set aside the whole body of Erastian argument. What is equitably due to it in compensation for the loss of the State connection is another question, and there we are glad to see that the Prime Minister has suggested a line of generosity towards "the needs of the Church" and as to the way of disposing of the funds which she necessarily loses when the State connection ceases to exist. We do not see how Welsh farmers can be asked to pay tithes for the support of a non-Established Church to whose ministrations they are indifferent. But if the Liberal friends of the Establishment desire that Welsh Anglicanism should be treated with exceptional liberality, we are not in disagreement with them, and if they think that money given for religious purposes ought not to be "secularised," and can devise a scheme which falls short of concurrent endowment, their view should be respected. But it is easier to advance such a position than define it.

## Life and Letters.

"1812."

ALL readers know Tolstoy's vast epic of "War and Peace." One might almost call it the only genuine and sincere epic written since ancient times, for in it the clashing destinies that shook the world are depicted with a fervid realisation that consumes artifice and traditional machinery. All musicians know Tchaikovsky's Symphony of "1812," in which the "Marseillaise" is heard intruding, as it were, into the heart of an alien country, and then is heard hesitating, gasping, dying away under the renewed power of persistent nationality. Everyone knows Heine's "Two Grenadiers," how they returned at last from Russian captivity and learnt their Emperor's ruin. Philosophers may explain why these second-hand products of imagination have superseded the actual and immediate records of events, and no doubt the philosophic reasons are all right. But it is hard to understand why the records themselves should be so completely neglected, except by those who wish to repeat them in some other form, usually inferior; or why we should be put off with barren text-books, when the vital words of men who lived the things they wrote may be awakened in any library.

Such a record is Labaume's "Relation Circonstanciée de la Campagne de Russie en 1812," now translated again, under the title of "The Crime of 1812," by Mr. Dundas Pillans, and published by Messrs. Melrose, just in time for the centenary of the awful catastrophe it narrates. In these years we are glutted with centenaries, evidence of the tremendous upheavals with which last century opened, or of the future genius conceived in their midst. But of all centenaries, 1812 is the most terrific. It is said that man demands drama, and that is why he greedily accepts imagination, fiction, or even sentimental lying rather than reality. But if man could content himself with drama written by the finger of God, then 1812 transcended all other dramas of history, unless we find its parallel in the Sicilian Expedition that brought retribution on Athenian Imperialism as Moscow brought it on French. Others who witnessed that overwhelming drama and shared its progress—Ségur, Bourgoyne, and, no doubt, many more—have recorded their memories. But for giving the conviction of truth—so rare a power even in eye-witnesses—no one, we suppose, has surpassed Labaume.

We wish he had noted down even more detail, but the age of realism was only just beginning, and to register details from their very midst needs a patience almost rarer than the seeing eye. Labaume had both. He speaks of himself as "possessed by an indescribable craving to live to describe his experiences." Every night he sat down to record the events of the day. Sometimes the thermometer stood at twenty or twenty-five degrees below freezing. The knife with which he cut his bits of horseflesh served to make a pen from a crow's feather (throughout the book the translator says "raven," but probably the hooded crow, so abundant in Russia, is meant); mixing a little gunpowder with snow for ink in the hollow of his hand, he wrote his memorials. And anyone who, after a day's battle or harassed march through an enemy's country, has been compelled to write an account of it, even seated under a cart and having real bread to eat and an inkpot in his pocket, can only wonder that this colonel in the starving remnant of an army should have troubled to record any detail, write any word at all, or do anything but fight for a bit of food and warmth and sleep.

As we read, the whole tragedy opens before us scene by scene. It divides itself into three acts. The first ends with Borodino, perhaps the bloodiest battle in a bloodstained century. The second ends with the abandonment of Moscow's ruins. The third with the long-drawn anguish of an army's death. The time occupied was six months all but ten days. The scene, the vast, undulating, and almost desert plains of bog and forest, over 700 miles across, between the Niemen and the sacred capital; the road east, and then the same



road west. When the drama opens, we see Napoleon at the height of his glory. For five years, since the Peace of Tilsit, he had dominated Europe, his power being only briefly disputed by Austria. He had set on ancient and on newly created thrones a family party of his generals and relations. He had allied himself with the heirs of Cæsars, and a daughter of the Imperial House had borne him a son whose title as King of Rome assured from his cradle a future of Cæsarean dynasties. Blest and crowned by Christ's Vicar on earth, he stood as a greater Charlemagne, Emperor of the West, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only ruler of princes, irresistible in the majesty of his glory. "Now," he had cried, "now begins the grandest epoch of my dominion." He was barely forty-three, and life lay before him, offering other worlds to conquer. Within that splendid horizon only two small clouds lingered. There was Wellington still dragging on that lingering nuisance of the Spanish war from his base in Portugal; and there was Russia, refusing marriage alliance, complying only half-heartedly with the "Continental System," designed to bring England to her knees, and otherwise displaying signs that her Tsar was not yet sufficiently humiliated. With Russia reduced to German acquiescence, England could be starved out, and Wellington, with his handful of *canaille*, might be left to time. Then, before the eyes of self-fulfilling genius, there opened a vision of Asiatic conquest that would unite the glories of Alexander and Tamerlane to the glories of Hannibal and Cæsar.

For the blow at Russia, Napoleon spent a year in massing his enormous armies within striking distance of her Polish and German frontiers. By the summer of 1812, more than 600,000 men were mustered there, obeying the sole command of the Emperor at the zenith of his power. Under him served his stepson, Eugène de Beauharnais, and his marshals—Ney, Davoust, and Oudinot—names that few but his own have surpassed in the annals of war. In command of the cavalry—60,000 of them in the striking force alone—stood Murat, greatest cavalry leader yet born. On Midsummer-eve or Midsummer-day (June 23rd and 24th) the invading army, 450,000 strong (about half had been bred in France) crossed the Niemen, and the tragedy of the gods began. Almost at once, in the midst of glory and seemingly irresistible might, the note of ominous warning is heard. Heavy rain fell; the roads, made of pine trunks thrown across quag, gave under the guns, and the horses broke their legs in the gaps. Intense heat succeeded. The army devoured the country. "War must live on war," was one of Napoleon's maxims; but what was war to live on when the wretched villages of wooden huts were found deserted, except by a few miserable Jews? "Never make war against a desert," was another Napoleonic maxim, first enunciated in Syria long ago; but what was this campaign already but making war against a desert? The enemy continually retreated, not from any profound design, but because there was nothing else to do. At Smolensk, the first large town, they made a stand, but when the French entered it in all the pride of martial music and gay uniforms, they displayed their glory only to corpses and burning ruins, or to starving and ragged natives clustered in the churches for shelter. At the Moskwa, Kutusoff, urged by the Tsar's reproaches, resolved by stubborn resistance to save the ancient capital. In front of Borodino the French lay at night thinking over the marvels of their expedition, and upon the results of a battle that would decide the fate of two Empires. Before dawn, a drum sounded, the officers called to arms, and Napoleon's exhortation was read, bidding them look forward to the posterity that would say, "He took part in the great battle below the walls of Moscow." By four o'clock that afternoon, full 30,000 Frenchmen and 40,000 Russians had little interest in posterity or the fate of Empires.

"It was my greatest battle," Napoleon used to say in the miserable peace of exile; "I ought to have died at Borodino." Yes, for a superb *dénouement*, he should have died there; but the tragedy was designed for another ending. In three columns the army advanced, and six days later, standing on a hill, at 11 o'clock, the

staff, says Labaume, "perceived in a brilliant light a thousand gilded domes, which, glittering in the rays of the sun, resembled in the distance so many luminous globes."

"We were transported with astonishment at such a magnificent vista; all the more so after the awful scenes we had recently witnessed. No one could now contain his delight, and by a spontaneous impulse, there rose a universal cry of 'Moscow! Moscow!'"

So the second act opened, and it was brief but varied. On September 15th, Napoleon entered the city. We are shown the army tramping through the silent streets, deserted by all but criminals, prostitutes, and the poor who could not escape, but hid in cellars with their bits of things. We see the soldiers peering into the strange churches, that had been left illuminated and shed a religious depression over their minds. We see them trying to put out a fire that arose in the Bourse, and turning from that duty to the plunder of deserted shops, an irresistible temptation for soldiers and the poor alike. Probably the Governor, Rostopchin, gave orders for the fire; but, as Tolstoy shows, Moscow was bound to burn in any case. Turn a greedy army with a host of criminals and destitute families loose in a rich and deserted city, built almost entirely of wood, and fire can no more be averted than night. Four days the conflagration raged, and the soldiers spent their time in plunder, lust, and drunken revels, whenever they were free from the flames and the heat of ruins.

"Soldiers, vivandieres, convicts, prostitutes," says Labaume, "thronged the streets, entered the deserted palaces, and dragged out everything that excited their cupidity. Some covered themselves with cloth of gold or rich silks; others threw over their shoulders priceless furs; many decked themselves with women's and children's pelisses, and even the escaped convicts hid their rags under Court robes."

But want went with luxury, and to dine off gold plate empty is an unsatisfying pride. "I should have quitted Moscow within a fortnight," Napoleon said in exile. But he stayed there five weeks, embarrassed, undecided, trusting to fixed illusions and dreams of peace. On October 18th, the final act began, and it lasted two months. Loaded up with useless riches, the army crawled from the ashes of the capital, more like caravans of pedlars than fighting men. Headed off from the proposed new route to the south-west, they were compelled to retrace their way through the putrifying dead of Borodino, and along the devastated road by which they had come. No provision for retreat had been made; no commissariat stores stationed on the route. From the Jews alone, whom they had scorned upon the advance, could any food be obtained in exchange for the spoils of Moscow. Horses were fed on thatch, and, as they fell, the horses themselves were cut into little pieces and devoured. On November 6th snow began, and the cold steadily increased. Dogs, wolves, and myriads of crows accompanied the dying host, and behind them came the enemy. Even the Russians in the first month's pursuit lost half their army—fifty thousand men; and what the invaders lost can never be calculated. At first all thoughts were fixed on Smolensk; surely there, some rest, and warmth, and food could be obtained! But Smolensk was found pillaged, burnt, and utterly deserted. Then all hope, courage, and discipline gave way. The army became a helpless, unarmed, and scattered mob of fugitives. The French women who had followed from Moscow for protection were abandoned to the enemy's pleasure. Arms, baggage, and plunder were thrown heedlessly away. Cavalry ceased to exist, the horses eaten. The one thought was to grab food and escape with life. Mania and cannibalism appeared, and the nature of men was changed.

"The closest friendships were broken; whoever showed the least sign of illness was absolutely certain never to see his native country more. . . . On all hands were heard the groans of the dying and the dreadful lamentations of those who were being left behind; but every ear was deaf to their cries, and if anyone approached those who were on the point of death it was only for the sake of plunder, or to discover if they still possessed a morsel of food."

So the grand army, "fulfilling its destiny," as Napoleon had said of Russia in his first proclamation, staggered and writhed in death-throes. In mid-December

ber, a wretched, disorganised gang of some 20,000 men, out of the 450,000 that had set out, recrossed the Neva; of the 60,000 cavalry none were left, of the 1,200 guns barely 200. One way or another that feat of arms is estimated to have cost the loss of half a million men—more than twice the number that we put in the field in the Boer War. And all for one perverted ideal; one aim transferred from liberation to imperialism; one dream and folly of expectation! If, as Schiller said, the world's history is the world's judgment, the course of that justice was here swiftly and terribly exemplified. Or, if we speak again of drama, we see that here the great Dramatist worked upon an awful scale, and in His creation omitted no single element of tragic irony, pity, or overthrow. But it took a deal of dramatic justice and a vast number of "supers" to expiate a Napoleon's dream.

#### RELIGION IN ENGLAND.

Nor all good men possess the same qualities; it takes all sorts to make a world. Many of us have been reading lately the life of the saintly Bishop King, a spiritual genius of a very high type, a mystic with an exceptional knowledge of and power over men. There is no incompatibility between his gifts and a less definitely traditional standpoint than that which he occupied. But it may be admitted that, under existing circumstances, they are more frequently found in men of tradition, ecclesiastical or evangelical, than among thinkers and critics; and traditionalism may fairly take credit to itself for the fact. Yet there are qualities of another order, less calculated perhaps to appeal to the imagination and to attract, but not less necessary to the Church and to religion. We in England may remember the massive intelligence, the accumulated knowledge, and the sagacious judgment of a Connop Thirlwall with no less reverence than the tender and fragrant piety of an Edward King. The latter is calculated rather to adorn a position already gained than to advance an onward movement. And, if a certain aridity attaches to critics and criticism, we may reflect that in religion as elsewhere the weight of the dead hand lies so heavily upon us that a certain onesidedness almost inevitably characterises the generation that emancipates itself. We should not go to St. Paul for an impersonal judgment of Judaism, or to the Reformers for an unbiassed estimate of the Medieval Church. There are diversities of gifts. Erasmus was more decorous and more scholarly than Luther. But in the sixteenth century there were qualities more urgently called for than decorum or scholarship. In action Erasmus was a reed shaken by the wind. It needed a Luther, rugged, tempestuous, elemental, to break the yoke of Rome.

In a series of lectures, "Types of English Piety" (T. & T. Clark), marked by unusual sympathy and insight, Mr. R. H. Coats has discussed three of the chief current varieties of religion—the sacerdotal, the evangelical, and the mystical—under which head he classes the modernist, or liberal—as they present themselves among Englishmen. English religion is—well, is English. We are not "virtuosi" in this department. A Francis of Assisi, a Teresa, a John of the Cross, do not grow on English soil. There is something practical, and perhaps a little prosaic, in our piety:

"A Briton, even in love, should be  
A freeman, not a slave."

It is a peculiarly English sentiment; no one who was not an Englishman would have put it quite in this way. On the other hand, our religion is seldom far from ethics. We were pragmatists before pragmatism. Our test of profession is practice. Our first question with regard to an institution is not: What can be said for or against it? but: How does it work?

Enthusiasts, Catholic and Puritan, have poked fun at this temperate piety. "Doth Job serve God for naught?" But the field of human experience is large enough to have room for it. And—to take its own test

—it has justified itself by its results; it has made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. The isolation of the type, the isolation indeed of types as such, is a disadvantage; they require a mutual supplementing which was supplied more easily in the Middle Ages than now. An eminent Catholic writer tells us of "that ampler pre-Protestant, as yet neither Protestant nor anti-Protestant, but deeply positive and Catholic world, which helped to strengthen and sustain him when depressed and hemmed in by the types of devotion prevalent since then in Western Christendom." The increasing differentiation of those types broke up the fabric of the Medieval Church. Since the Reformation the balance provided by the presence of divergent tendencies in religious life has been, as far as the various Churches are concerned, if not removed at least greatly modified. We have had experience of the Protestantism of the Protestant communities, the Dissidence of Dissent, and the acute Romanising of Rome. Not to the advantage of religion. That it has developed energy is possible. It has certainly impaired charity, and let loose the strife of tongues.

It is probable that of all the Churches, the Church of England has specialised least. Politics and morality played a greater part in our Reformation than theology, or even religion. It was felt that national life and communion with Rome were irreconcilable; and the conscience of the nation was taught by a series of object-lessons that much for which Rome stood was simply wicked. But the formularies of the Tudor Church were meant to include persons who were to all intents and purposes Catholics. Unless a man held that the Pope was essential to, or an episcopate incompatible with, salvation, the National Church, which was the nation in its religious capacity, provided him with a home. Mr. Coats takes Lancelot Andrewes and George Herbert as representatives of the sacerdotal type of Anglicanism. Perhaps ceremonial, or ecclesiastical, would be its better term. It laid stress on ritual, not so much as expressing the sacerdotal idea—the English Church has retained rather the name than the conception of priesthood—but as "spiritual good manners"; and on the Church, not as the one ark of salvation, but as the nation on the religious side. This point of view was common enough in the Middle Ages: medieval Christianity and modern Ultramontanism were very different things. The sacramental teaching of later Catholicism hardened into Thaumaturgy: originally, as now in Anglicanism, it floated between poetry and prose. Even so, it has the defects of the exaggeration into which it so often falls. "It crystallises round Christ Himself the very things which in Judaism He most hated. . . . The evil begins when the judgment resident in the whole society is entrusted to, or is assumed by, an official, and acquires coercive power. Then that which should emancipate becomes a tyranny. Generally speaking, the conscience which is dominated by a priest or an institution becomes enfeebled." And the ecclesiastical instinct is opposed to change as such. It is in spite of it that reforms, social, political, or religious, have been carried out and progress has been won.

Evangelicalism is more strenuous. For it, the community or Church is secondary; it takes the individual and places him *solus cum solo*—face to face by himself with God. It starts, however, from a conviction of sin so intense as to be matter rather of temperament than of reasoning or general experience. "Wherever men are not conscious of their sin, or wherever evil is conceived not religiously as guilt, but philosophically as negation, or pathologically as disease, or evolutionally as imperfection, or socially as crime or bad manners, there the Evangelical doctrines of Christianity are bound to fail of their appeal." As the Incarnation, in its extension in the Church and the Sacraments, is the basis of the Ecclesiastical, so the Atonement is that of the Evangelical creed. Hence a second difficulty. Of all Christian doctrines, the Atonement is that which presents the greatest moral difficulty. That it symbolises a vital truth is, for the Christian, certain. But the symbolism under



which it presents it, however natural and necessary in the past, has been, and is, a stumbling-block to the modern conscience: its reconstruction is essential, if the conception which underlies it is to be saved. Evangelicalism has been associated, not very fairly, with unreal profession. What is true is that the individualism of its creed makes simulation more offensive than would be the case in a more institutional system. When genuinely accepted, it has produced very strong men. The Puritan bowed before his Maker, but he bowed before no one else. And while in theory it seems to disparage works, its works justify it. It is "the type which has done most to create the social conscience, and serve the interests of collective humanity. The religion which seems above all others to be unworldly, and even other-worldly, in its aims has been that which abounds most in practical benevolence, and produces the greatest social, political, and philanthropic as well as moral and spiritual reforms."

The central position occupied in Catholicism by the Church, and in Evangelicalism by the Atonement, is taken in Mysticism by the Inner Light. There have been mystics in, and outside, all the Churches. But there are elements in mysticism which Catholicism cannot assimilate, or even tolerate. The same may be said of Evangelical Protestantism. "The gospel of mysticism is an 'eternal' gospel, grounded on universal being, rather than an 'historical' gospel, tied to the happenings of time." This cuts deep. It does not destroy religion; it may, on the contrary, be held that it places religion beyond the possibility of being destroyed. But it sets it in a new perspective—"to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness"; what has been last in it becomes first, and what has been first last. Mysticism is open, as are its rivals, to oneness in more than one direction. It is not easy to reconcile the inward with the outward, the idea with its imperfect realisation, the world incomplete and as a thing becoming with the world, as we believe it will be, complete and a thing become. Perhaps its chief defect is its too easy acquiescence in the esoteric; it is apt to become, and to be content to remain, the religion of a select few; whereas religion is, and must be, social: "to the poor the Gospel is preached." The success of the first generation of Quakers is an argument that this defect can be overcome. Where little or no appeal is made to the Spirit, spiritual religion languishes; the demand for spirituality in men and women creates the supply.

Perhaps on another occasion Mr. Coats may have something to say to us on what is known as Liberal Christianity. If he has, it will be worth hearing. He classes it, rightly, under the head of Mysticism. Only by the union of the two can the values of each be safeguarded. The danger of Liberalism is its tendency to become academic. It forgets that hard truths, hardly delivered, alienate; that it is sympathy which attracts and wins men. The truths of the understanding are sterile; it is those of the heart that live and transmit life. And religion is more than philosophy. "Si l'on raisonne, on ne s'envolera jamais. Le cœur est seul capable de féconder ses rêves."

#### THE OLD ANGLO-INDIAN.

THERE is in Thackeray's "Newcomes" a gap at which we have often marvelled. What manner of man was the Colonel in his brave prime amid his Indian adventures? We learn to know the romantic lad poring over his Indian histories in the prim world of Clapham. We watch him, a figure among retired soldiers and nabobs in the City which ruled a distant Empire. We listen, with a mist over our eyes, to his Adsum in the Charterhouse. But what was his life in between? We catch a glimpse of his lifted sabre in the dust of a cavalry charge. But neither here nor elsewhere in a long series of novels in which the Indian theme continually recurs, does Thackeray touch on the real life of the men who were building an Empire. Indian veterans gossip over their sherry or their brandy pawnee in the clubs. The whiff of a cheroot assails our nostrils as we turn the pages. The ladies drape their sloping shoulders in

Indian shawls, and Nabob Sedley displays the wealth of conquered provinces. We never forget that Thackeray was himself the child of India, and the society in which he finds alternately his idylls and his satires was an Imperial caste which lived by India and saw its life turn on Calcutta as its axis. How intimate it all is, how easily it assumes that this tradition of conquest and dominion was the familiar material of life and romance! But never in all these pages, nor in anything else that this generation wrote, is there an attempt to present the existence, the manners, and the ideals of the men who seemed to live for it only when their work was done. The veteran, with his memories, his mannerisms, and his ruined temper, what figure is there more familiar in Victorian literature? But he seemed to interest it only when his sword was sheathed, his last voyage made, and the voice that gave its ringing commands muttered of things past, and shrilled to petulant complaints. Exiles they were, and their contemporaries knew them only when they said farewell to the adventurous boy or welcomed the veteran's return.

It was a deeply interesting problem in motive which the literature of last century ignored, when it neglected to follow its Empire-builders to India. Was it glory or duty, the lust of power, or the love of mankind; was it the obscure instinct of wandering and conquest inherited from some Norman ancestor; or was it the mere attraction of an interesting and honorable career which sent these men to exile, while their brothers at home talked Manchester cosmopolitanism and calmly foretold the inevitable loss of our Colonies? No artist has faced the psychological question, but there comes from the press this week a document which will live, we suspect, among the significant records of our race. Under the happy title of "Tales of Our Grandfather" (Smith, Elder & Co.), two American descendants of Colonel Grey have published a volume of reminiscences as packed and racy and self-revealing as ever came from the pen of a man of action. Their author entered on his career by being sworn-in at Leadenhall Street as a cadet under the old John Company. He closed it with the Star of India, a colonelcy, and the commendations of successive viceroys, in 1903. In the interval he lived through a daring subaltern's adventures in the Mutiny, played a great part while still a very young man as the political agent in a forward policy in Assam, ruled as Warden of the Marches among Pathans and Afghans, made and restored a succession of native States, was the pioneer of scientific irrigation, conducted diplomacy with Afghanistan, and, to complete the chapter of his versatility, administered the law and examined in Oriental languages. He was soldier, scholar, politician, judge, gendarme, and constructive statesman. It was such a career of endless work and perpetual self-adaptation as a man could find in India only in those formative years of transition between the Mutiny and the modern era of unrest and reform.

The problem of motive runs half-consciously through all its more reflective pages. There are genial external chapters where we read only of marvels and adventures. The "grandfather" writes delightfully of snakes and tigers and alligators, of the swarms of bats which beat upon horse and rider like a hurricane against a ship. Hill ponies clamber up the mountain side suspended by chin and knees, and vultures assail the hunter on vertiginous ledges of rock. We meet the honestest and straightest Pathan in the world, who was a notable murderer and robber. We read of brigands who would shoot a naked fakir for his linen breeches. We encounter a frontier tribe which had no recognised sanctuary to shelter their criminals, and straightway murdered a wandering saint that they might erect over his bones a peculiarly sacred shrine. There is a picture of Assam shortly after the Mutiny, which could be paralleled nowhere in the inhabited world of to-day. Man was at war with a jungle "which would swallow London in three years." Tigers stampede the commissariat elephants, a leopard confronts Mrs. Grey across her dressing-table, and the dinner is carried from kitchen to dining-room with an escort of servants waving torches



and beating drums to scare away the wild beasts. We wander in an amazing world of peril, grandeur, and superstition. Hillmen erect altars and burn incense to the raw lieutenant in his first glorious period of frontier authority. Governors are still so august that they will not walk abroad for exercise without a caparisoned elephant to pace behind them. Even the baboo is still so simple that we read of a high native official who in time of flood cast the treasure-chest into the river Sutlej as a sacrifice to save the bridge.

The pageant and the wonder of this untamed life might well supply a motive to the exile. He wanders across the centuries as he paces a continent, and is to-day with the Caliphs of Bagdad and to-morrow among the Borderers of Chevy Chase. But the old man's sober memories peep through these multi-colored tales, drab and grey, and pointed to a question. It was a hard life which brought with it few of the goods that the natural man desires. The young officers are all in debt, and borrow from the bank on a system of mutual sureties. They survive only because their messing allowance is exempt from seizure. Even of the higher ranks, at the end of the half-century we still read that practically no one can save money. The climate is execrable, and with something like regularity we read of a serious breakdown in health every two years. The incessant travelling that was a delight in youth, becomes a weariness to the man of fifty. The separation from wife and children weighs on his spirits, and periodically there comes to him in the arid plains, what he calls "eye-hunger"—a passion for greenery and home landscapes which drives him to the hills. An urbane and courteous gentleman of the old school, whose happiness was to hear that natives had applied to him the vernacular equivalent of "debonair," he is horrified as years advance to note the coming on of the characteristic Anglo-Indian short temper. He blames the climate and the "killing grind," and quotes one officer who remarked to another, "Is it wonderful that we are rude to natives, when we are so rude to each other?" But still, the out-going ship carries with it more adventuring cadets than the returning liner brings home of veterans. The "killing grind" attracts.

Adventure to the lad, power to the man, beneficence to the grey-beard—that is the secret of the Empire-builder's motive. One cannot read the chronicle even of this modest life of service without hearing some echo of the naïve pride in authority which clearly is some compensation to the natural man for this unnatural exile's life. Twice or thrice this excellent official ventures to disobey instructions, and the event always justifies him. For all his gentle manners to natives, he evolves a fine series of authoritarian Tory opinions. That is in the picture; they are part of his veteran's uniform. He despises the baboo, and hardly trusts himself to speak of modern self-governing tendencies. He ascribes the Mutiny to the pampering of the Sepoys. He more than once defends the great dramatic barbarism of blowing rebels from guns. His quaintest prejudice is an unstinted belief in the native aristocrat, on which he bases a whole policy for the development of local defence and administrative devolution on an extension and multiplication of native States. It is a quaint prejudice, because his whole recorded experience is of the disasters he observed or repaired or averted from these same aristocratic native States. He trained eight hereditary rulers in his day, and all of them went astray. These native dynasties, indeed, thrived only while the despot was a child, and Colonel Grey remarks significantly that "there is nothing like a minority for the restoration of a native State." One can understand the admiration of this Anglo-Indian administrator for a system which periodically called him in as Providence. The same eminently human trait made the most unpromising native material likeable. "Greedy, treacherous, suspicious, cruel, and stupid," he writes; "yet one got to love the Afghans." Why did one get to love the Afghans? It was, we suspect, for much the same reason that a good horseman comes to love the mount whose perverse head his strong bridle-hand has held in perilous journeys.

But it is not adventure nor even the love of power, subtle and intoxicating though that is, which makes all

the motive that renders the "killing grind" tolerable. The most illuminating chapters in this book are those in which Colonel Grey describes his pioneer work as the introducer of irrigation in two native States. He worked without official backing, and for a time even against the central government's policy. His capital was the muscle and faith of a people whom he led by enthusiasm. He bore for a time the whole financial risk, since Government had disavowed the undertaking, and the people backed him by lending money without interest. He keeps his laborers happy with soft words, raw sugar, and gifts of turbans, while he delights the learned by public speeches in which he cites Persian classics which even the scholars had forgotten. He faces fever and fatigue and malaria, ceaselessly riding about to encourage his diggers and his surveyors at their tremendous task. When all is over, a province blooms that once was arid, a market-town rises where all was desert, and oxen carry loads of grain over roads where neither ox nor grain nor road had been. Viceroy thanks him, and the record of his work becomes a manual for the instruction and imitation of a Continent. Amid his roads and his canals a thriving peasantry sings a ballad in his praise, which declares that in an earlier incarnation Garri (Grey) must have been an ancestor of their race. It is a great life which provides for the daredevil boy battles and perils and adventures, and leaves the man, as he closes his career, looking down like the aged Faust when he had completed his dyke, upon the multitudes to whom his skill has brought homes and happiness. It was a "killing grind," but he had known what it was to bid the flying moment linger.

#### FOOD AND CHARACTER.

THE schoolboy found himself last Monday, probably with a grin, the subject of a conference of headmasters. They wanted to know how to feed him, and lamented the fact that he prefers viands he cooks for himself to the food provided by the authorities. Presently the discussion turned upon food and morals, and we had schoolmasters, deemed infallible in their own spheres, tilting at one another from the opposite pavilions of cannibalism and vegetarianism. One protagonist said that the cruellest known race of people were vegetarians—and communists; while another said that, of course, there could be no doubt that a diet of much meat was bad for morals. The first left out of consideration climate, religion, and many other important factors; while the other left out everything but assertion.

We wonder whether there is any light to be had upon this question of food and morals from a view, which must necessarily be hasty, of the animal kingdom apart from ourselves. We have the mild-mannered herbivorous cow or sheep, and the savage, cruel and treacherous carnivorous lion or tiger. Yet the lion and the cow both bite their respective foods just as savagely as necessary and no more, and the craft and treachery of one of them is fully accounted for by the greater difficulty of stalking an antelope than a lettuce. On the other hand, the cow is capable of the wildest blood-lust at the smell of blood, the herd sometimes goring and trampling a wounded fellow more savagely than wolves bait a wounded deer. If animals can expound morals, then we have to remember that almost every carnivore is a monogamist, while almost if not quite every vegetarian is a polygamist. The lion may sometimes take the royal prerogative of a plurality of consorts, but there is not the least doubt about the polygamy of the bull, the ram, the noble horse, the ass, zebra, quagga, and many other eaters of innocent greenstuff, down to and beneath the notorious rabbit. Most animals are capable of heroism in defence of their young, but the carnivores make braver and more certain defenders. It is a nine-days' wonder when a rabbit turns on a weasel that has attacked her young, while it is perfectly common for a rat to rush out and attack a dog that has come too near her nest. Most animals are wicked enough to defend themselves when attacked. The one that the sportsman

assails with most trepidation is the African buffalo, while it is commonly said that the puma will receive a knife-thrust from the lord of creation with no more protest than a whine.

It is obvious that all young animals are carnivorous. It must be noted, too, that the weaning of the flesh-eater is far more rapid than the weaning of the vegetarian. The young fox is masticating his own food and neglecting his mother in a month, while the calf will run at the cow's side for a year. The young of every bird, however completely granivorous its parents, must be fed in the nest on insects or other flesh food. If we seek an instance of an animal that is herb-eating when young and flesh-eating when old, we have to find it in the despised frog or toad. Such a creature may be said to degrade with age, while the case of the finch may be called an upward progress. In the young the savage ancestral stage is recapitulated, and with the putting away of childish things the diet of higher mentality and spirituality is attained. Still, the bearing of the case on school-diet is that the boy is a savage and must not have his wild instincts reined in too suddenly.

There are probably no pure meat-eaters in our country. The late Mr. Labouchere, who insisted on taking his chop *sans* everything, was probably unique, and it was only his luncheon that he treated in this manner. Our ancestors used herbs as a magic to bewitch their meat rather than accompany it—a flavor of basil with Fetter Lane sausages, a few marigold petals in the broth, fennel sauce for boiled mackerel, mint with lamb, sorrel with pork, "borage for corage," and sow-thistle to cure madness. From such nibblings we have gone far—from the lamented fields of cannibalism or towards the ideal of the vegetarian. The meat-eater has as much cabbage and potato on his plate as the vegetarian, who merely substitutes lentils for the central portion. The latter is scarcely more of a purist, for he rarely tries to live without milk or eggs. The likelihood of a difference of morals between them is so slight that it has attracted no investigator.

On the whole, it is not so much morals as teeth that give vital interest to a discussion of food in the schools. We get the teeth we need, as the bird gets the arm it needs and the beaver the tail it needs, and we lose the teeth we do not use, as the bird loses its thumbs and the horse its fingers. But the business of atrophy is uncomfortable and dangerous to life. The splint bones of the horse are a nuisance to the vet, the appendix cuts off thousands in their prime; but bad teeth, we suppose, destroy millions and incapacitate tens of millions. If we have really made up our minds not to have any teeth, we had better have them all taken out. On the other hand, it might be better that we should gnaw wood for a living than lose our teeth by eating nothing but cooked mash. Too little attention was paid at the Guildhall conference to the traveller who said that the best teeth he had ever seen were owned by a tribe that alternately starved and ate their women-folk, emaciated and toughened by privation. The further our traveller got back into civilisation, the worse and worse he found our teeth. There must be some means, far short of high protection and the eating of our grandmothers, that would give us our teeth again.

It would be futile to canvass at length the lower animals on the subject of teeth. Cows and sheep have lost many of their teeth, but those they retain are quite good. A captive elephant here and there has had to be shot for toothache, but that may be because they eat so many buns, a warning of which, it is to be hoped, school-boys will one day take notice. We fail to find anything the matter with the teeth of the wild carnivore. We may not be taking enough nourishment of the right kind for teeth; by overworking the brain we may be teaching it to rob the mouth; but certain it seems to be that if the teeth do not get exercise they will go. Vegetarians derive their strongest argument from the shape of our teeth. There are many molars for crushing, the canines for tearing flesh are quite insignificant, and the function of the incisors is at least neutral. Thus triumphantly they argue—and proceed to take molar food carefully reduced to a state that needs no crushing. The shape of

our teeth is an argument not for eating hashed carrots, but for eating raw carrots; not for eating soft bread, but for eating unground corn; not for one soup instead of another, but for something solid at any cost.

There is a sect of food reformers, and an ardent one in spite of many difficulties, that eschews "fired" food. Its members eat all the green vegetables as salad, rhubarb is munched without the preliminary of cooking, they have even invented a "non-fired" bread. But alas! their salads are shredded so fine that there is no grinding to be done, they press the juices out of raw roots and swallow that only, and the "non-fired" bread is softer than the whitest of cooked kinds. As among vegetarians, they have made their departure neither on the ground of morals nor of teeth, and they are certainly not models that will appeal to the authorities of Haileybury or Eton.

It is clear that we cannot bring into the schools tooth-exercise, as the phrase goes, *ad hoc*. It would be as senseless to exercise our teeth and not use them as to exercise our arms and keep them tied up. Would it not also be immoral to rely on food as a source of morality? Some savages may be more moral than we are, but we do not therefore scrap civilisation. But we ought to be able to contrive a diet of physical efficiency, without which moral efficiency must be handicapped. The farmer does not feed his beast without calculation and analysis. It must have so much protein or starch equivalent per hundred pounds of live weight, so much carbohydrate to produce heat, and something, especially for young things, for the making of bone. The values of farm foods are known, and there are many ways of making up rations with the same chemical constituents and proportions. We feed for work, for fat, and other results, and, according to the physical or emotional constitution of the animal, we get them or miss them. Even the ox is not a machine, and the horse at grass will select his "sallets" without regard to the wishes of the authorities. Like the school-boy, he has his own ideas of tuck, and it would cost more to restrain than to allow their indulgence. It is no doubt just as well that we cannot feed for character. Character would cease to be what it is if we could. It would resemble streaky bacon rather than the qualities that make men, nations, and ages—great.

## Short Studies.

### AN AFTERNOON WALK IN OCTOBER.

It was a day by itself, coming after a fortnight's storm and rain. The sun did not shine clearly, but it spread through the clouds a tender, diffused light, crossed by level cloud-bars, which stretched to a great length, quite parallel. The tints in the sky were wonderful, every conceivable shade of blue-grey, which contrived to modulate into the golden brilliance in which the sun was veiled. I went out in the afternoon. It was too early in the year for a heavy fall of leaves, but nevertheless the garden was covered. They were washed to the sides of the roads, and lay heaped up over the road-gratings, masses of gorgeous harmonies in red, brown, and yellow. The chestnuts and acorns dropped in showers, and the patter on the gravel was a little weird. The chestnut husks split wide open when they came to the ground, revealing the polished brown of the shy fruit.

The lavish, drenching, downpour in extravagant excess had been glorious. I went down to the bridge to look at the floods. The valley was a great lake, reaching to the big trees in the fields which had not yet lost the fire in their branches. The river-channel could be discerned only by the boiling of the current. It had risen above the crown of the main stone arch, and swirled and plunged underneath it. A furious backwater, repulsed from the smaller arch, aided the tumult. The wind had gone and there was perfect silence, save for the agitation of the stream, but a few steps upwards



the gentle tinkle of the little runnels could be heard in their deeply-cut, dark, and narrow channels. In a few minutes they were caught up, rejoicing, in the embrace of the deep river which would carry them with it to the sea. They were safe now from being lost in the earth.

I went a little further up the hill: a flock of about fifty sheep were crossing from a field on one side of the road to another directly opposite. They were packed close together, and their backs were an undulating continuous surface. The shepherd was pursuing a stray sheep, and they stood still for a minute in the middle of the road. A farmer came up in his gig and was held back. He used impatient language. O farmer! which is of more importance to the heavenly powers—that you should not be stopped, or that the sheep should loiter and go into that field at their own pace? All sheep, by the way, look sad. Perhaps they are dimly aware of their destiny.

It was now about four o'clock. Two teams of plough-horses were coming out of a field on the way home. The owner takes great care of them. More magnificent horses never were seen; glossy coats, tremendous haunches, strong enough to shake a house if it came to an earnest pull, immense feet, slow-stepping: very gentle the huge creatures seemed. The first team was led by a hale, ruddy-faced old man, between seventy and eighty, whom I have known for years. Always he has a cheery word for me. I told him he ought to be proud of such animals, and I am sure he is. He is happy on his eighteen shillings a week, looking neither before nor after, and knowing next to nothing of the world outside his village. Happy? Yes, and reasonably happy.

By the side of the second team marched a boy of about fifteen, with whip almost erect over his shoulder. Put that boy back among his former comrades, the idlers in the village street, and he would be, as unpleasant as any of them; but, entrusted with responsibility, he will pass through the middle of them, not knowing one.

I watched the procession through the farmyard-gate, which slammed behind them, and, after leaning over it for a while, wandered homewards by the skirts of Hazel Wood just as the sun was setting. The footpath goes along the edge of a field, two sides of which are bounded by trees, for the most part not very tall, but some of them are elms and rise to a considerable height.

There is enough in a very common object to satisfy all our hunger—more than enough. I never leave the curve which limits the tops of the trees round that field without feeling that there is in it something which I cannot exhaust. The attraction is not the same as that of the "view" seen in passing. The "view" of a mountain peak or a waterfall is a surprise. I stay alone with my field for an hour or two and it begets, in addition to a growing sense of loveliness, a religious peace, victorious over trouble and doubt.

In 1814, before they were altered, the lines towards the end of the first book of the "Excursion" stood thus:—

" . . . those very plumes,  
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,  
By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,  
As once I passed, did to my heart convey  
So still an image of tranquillity,  
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful  
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,  
That what we feel of sorrow and despair  
From ruin and from change, and all the grief  
The passing shows of Being left behind,  
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live  
Where meditation was."

MARK RUTHERFORD.

## Contemporaries.

### AUGUST STRINDBERG.

WITH the death of August Strindberg, at the age of sixty-three, Sweden has lost her most prominent man of letters, and one of the leaders of the modern literary movement on the Continent. Of all these leaders he is, perhaps, the one of whom we have known least in England; we doubt if knowledge of him has progressed further with us

than a few of his realistic plays, such as the tragedy, "The Father," which was published in English in 1899, and "Fröken Julie," which appeared the other day in the programme of one of our literary stage societies. But those plays only represent a very limited side of Strindberg's vast activity, and by no means the most interesting or, we think, the most durable one.

Strindberg is, in some respects, a tragic figure in contemporary literature; tragic, not from any want of success or fame, for these he had in plenty—his books have a wide publicity all over Scandinavia, Germany, France, and even Italy—but tragic in the sense that he never really came into his kingdom, never became all he deserved to become. A man of enormous energy and commanding genius—one of the few of our time to whom that so often abused word may be fearlessly applied—he has failed to set the stamp he was entitled to set upon his age. No contemporary writer has played so many parts—teacher, doctor, actor, poet—as Strindberg has; none changed his opinions so often and so rapidly; none squandered his energies in pursuing so many Will-o'-the-wisp ideas. At one time he was a deist, at another an atheist, to end finally as a mystic; he was socialist, anarchist, and republican in turn; the enthusiastic apostle of Rousseau developed into the cynical despoiser of nature; in early days not unfriendly to the Scandinavian movement for the emancipation of women, he became in later life the bitterest misogynist that European literature has known since the satirists of the sixteenth century; an indefatigable student of the sciences, especially of chemistry, he attacked in his "Antibarbarus" (1894), the chemists of the day from behind the shield of a mystic, medieval alchemy. And with this extraordinary diffusion of interest came a corresponding want of concentration in his life and his work, which has told against him. Strindberg threw in his lot with the realistic movement of the 'eighties, but we often think that he was not born to be a realist at all; he was a genuine poet who, in a less distraught age, might have won for his literature new and imaginative treasures from the inexhaustible Scandinavian tradition.

From beginning to end he was at war with his time; his hand was against every man's. Born into an era when Sweden was still in her mid-century sleep, when her literary pabulum consisted mainly of translations, when Rydberg's rhetoric was considered classic, and Runeberg was the brightest star in her firmament, Strindberg struck a harsh, discordant note, which shocked and dismayed. He directly attacked the social conventions of his day in his story of the Stockholm "Böheme," "Röda Rummet" ("The Red Room," 1879). "Det nya Riket" ("The New Kingdom"), essays and sketches, followed in 1882, and, still more trenchant in their satire, raised such a storm round his head that he left Sweden and for years lived abroad. Then came, in 1884 and 1886, the two volumes of short stories entitled "Giftas" ("Marriage"), in which, with wearisome reiteration and a *parti pris* which nullifies his deft imitation of Maupassant's touch, he proves that marriage spells disaster, and that the equal comradeship of men and women is a chimera. He sallies forth here as a modern Don Quixote, not to champion, but to destroy the Nora Helmers and Hedda Gablers of the sister-nation. And with the years this anti-feminist strain in his work deepened into a strangely repulsive misogyny; women to him are not merely to be hated, but also to be feared as the upsetters of the moral order of society; they are not, as Ibsen would have it, the "pillars of society," but its enemies.

"Utopier in verkligheden" ("Utopias realised," 1885) struck out a new line; he now threw in his lot with the Northern social democracy. A year or two later, however, he rushed to the opposite extreme and proclaimed his adherence, for a time at least, to what Georg Brandes had called the "aristocratic radicalism" of Nietzsche. A correspondence sprang up between the two men, and there is an influence of Nietzsche's thought on Strindberg's powerful story, "I hafsband" ("In the Bond of the Sea," 1890). Finally, Strindberg



turned in his later years to mysticism; the author of the strictly realistic tragedy, "The Father," became the allegorical dreamer of "Till Damascus" (1898-1904), the occultist of "Legender" (1898). In every Scandinavian—we have seen it, too, in Ibsen and Björnson—there lurks something of a Swedenborg.

We do not think that Sweden will give a particularly high place to Strindberg's verse, of which he wrote comparatively little; but he no doubt brought new life into a lyric poetry that had been unduly emasculated by the long reign of romantic sentimentalism. As a dramatist, he visibly influenced, twenty years ago, the realistic theatre of Europe with the two plays that have been mentioned, "Fadren" (1887) and "Fröken Julie" (1888), but these, having done their work, have passed, as far at least as Continental realism is concerned, into the limbo of things that have been; and, nowadays, it is easier for the theatres in Scandinavia and Germany to find a public for his historical dramas, such as "Herr Bengt's Hustru" ("Herr Bengt's Wife," 1882), "Erik XIV." (1899), "Gustaf Adolf" (1900), or, what is regarded by Swedish critics as the high-water mark of the modern Swedish drama, "Gustaf Vasa" (1899). But it is as a novelist that Strindberg's fame is most securely established; the vigor and strength of his prose style, fresh with the cutting freshness of a north-east wind, unscrupulous in its outspokenness, regardless of its effects on sensitive souls as long as the sanctity of truth is preserved, has opened a new era for his nation's literature. "Hemsöborna" ("The People of Hemsö," 1887) and "Skärkarlslif" ("The Life of an Islander," 1888) contain delightful pictures of peasant life, perfectly free from that sentimental tone which invades so easily the German peasant novel, and take their place beside the "Bondenoveller" of Björnson; but they pale before the unflinching realism of the confessional of Strindberg's own life in "Tjenstqinnans son" ("The Servant's Son," 1886-87), "The Confession of a Fool" (published only in German as "Die Beichte eines Toren," in 1893), and "Inferno" (1897). These works form, one might say, his greatest novel, for the modern naturalistic novel is nothing if not autobiographic. They are the books by which, if we are not mistaken, he will be judged by after-generations, both as an artist and as a man. No modern writer has stripped himself bare with so remorseless a passion for self-abasement as Strindberg here; even Hebbel's Diaries seem a pale, filtered confession beside them. And yet the emotion they evoke in us is not that of great tragedy. The black pessimism of "The Confession of a Fool," most terrible of modern books, awakens repulsion rather than pity, or, if pity, no tragic pity that purifies, but only a regret that one so magnificently gifted should have made so miserable a shipwreck of his own happiness. Strindberg had in him the making of a great prose artist, but he allowed the artist in him to be overshadowed by the realist and the impulsive propagandist. Like the later Tolstoy, he regarded art with scorn as useless trifling; he was never content to be merely a poet. He learned from the masters of realism in Russia as well as in France; but he failed to grasp—as his contemporaries in Denmark did grasp—the spiritualising forces which began to leaven the old realism as soon as the polemical chaos of the 'eighties was past. Thus his last long realistic novel of Stockholm life, "Svarta Fanor" ("Black Flags," 1907), shows in its methods no advance on the realism of his youth, and there is nothing to redeem its cynical pessimism. Strindberg had neither the artistic singleness of purpose of Ibsen, nor the "child in his heart" (*barnet i hjertet*) of Björnson. He had no patience with mere imagining; the subtlety of character-drawing, the intimate probings of mind and heart, and the artistic inevitableness, which have marked the most recent developments of fiction on the Flaubert-Dostoevsky foundation, one seeks for in vain in Strindberg's novels. And the lack, or the wilful repudiation, of artistry has militated against his influence as a novelist; has brought it about that he means less for the evolution of the modern European novel than for that of the drama. But whatever may be his shortcomings,

an imposing personality has been removed from the stage of European literature, and it is manifestly the poorer for it. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of belonging to a little nation, whose language is virtually a dead letter to the rest of Europe, he played a significant rôle; and the movement of literary ideas—in Teutonic lands, at least—would have been different without him. His works reflect, as those of no other of his contemporaries, the peculiarly transitional character of his age, the fatal confusion of its æsthetic and intellectual issues.

## Communications

### LIBERALISM IN THE VILLAGE.

#### I.—THE OLD AGE PENSIONER.

[These short sketches are narratives of fact, without literary adornment.]

It is only after years of life in a village, when you have gained the confidence of your cottage neighbors (and this is not so easy to obtain), when you have seen their wants and difficulties, and known the toil of their existence; when you have learnt how an avowal of Toryism will strew your path with roses, whilst the advocacy of Liberalism will encumber it with thorns; it is only then that you fully realise what Liberalism can do, and has done, in the hamlets scattered through our countryside.

Wandering through my native village to-day I see on every hand the marks of a silent revolution, and, when I ask myself what it is that has brought about these changes, so vital to the welfare of the country, the answer comes: "It is the creed of Liberalism at last in practice." Looking back over the short space of six years, I can hardly believe that the village of 1912 is the village of 1906.

It will be my object in this short series of sketches to show, quite simply, the changes that six years have wrought.

Our belief in the creed we hold cannot fail to be strengthened when we realise how this new spirit has brought joy into the homes of the tillers of the soil, and relief into their lives.

Anyone who fails to realise what Liberalism in practice means to many inhabitants of our village should stand without the Post Office door on any Friday in the year.

He will see a dozen or so old men and women come toddling along. Their lives have been spent in building up the power and wealth of the nation. Through no fault of their own, they have been unable to lay aside the merest pittance for their old age. These old people now come to demand, as of right, some slight portion of the wealth that, for half a century and more, they have produced for others to enjoy. Look at some of these Old Age Pensioners.

Here comes an old man, well past the allotted span, one of the characters of the village. He is a cobbler. "I'm a-lookin' for an old girl as 'as got a pension and b'aint married," he told me the other day. With a wink that must have cost him years of practice, he added: "Cos then I'll marry 'er; and shant we 'ave a time on ten bob a week. Ten bob a'tween two on yer in one cottage goes a sight farther than five bob apiece in two."

Here comes another man, once a small farmer, now left with nothing of his own. Fate had not treated him too well; the farm had long been neglected, and he had not the capital to pull it round. The other morning I stopped him for a chat. "The other day," said the old man, "I told you as how I didn't believe in Old Age Pensions. I do now, for I and my wife gets one. God knows what I should do without it. The boy's gone to Canada, and it is all the missus and I has to live upon." What would have been the alternative had disaster come a few years back? Death or the workhouse; it is doubtful which the old couple would have preferred.

I have in mind another old couple, each of them close on ninety years of age. The other day he told me what an Old Age Pension had meant to him and "the old woman," his wife. "Often 'ave we thought as 'ow it would be a-best for us to go; and sometimes a-most 'ave I prayed to be took;

for we was only a burden to our children as kep' us; for they be good and wouldna let us go on the parish so long as they could 'elp it. But now we wants to go on livin' for ever, 'cos we gives 'em the ten shillin' a week, and it pays 'em to 'ave us along with 'em. I never thought we should be able to pay the boy back for all 'is goodness to me an' the missis; but times change, sir."

The pensions have, indeed, brought happiness to many an old man and woman whose means of existence no one could tell. They have kept families together in old age where there was no alternative but the workhouse door—after the life-struggle together, a parting at the threshold of the grave, broken by an occasional interview at allotted times in the poor-house yard. An unsympathetic Board drags no longer from the poor the inmost secrets of their lives, the things they most desired to hide, and then throws them as guerdon the three or four shillings a week which could not avail to keep body and soul together.

I shall show that Liberalism has made other changes in the village, changes full of promise for the future; but I doubt if any finer thing has yet been done than the substitution of the Old Age Pension for the pauper brand.

Said an old village friend to me: "We feels like gentry now, with our cheque-books."

HUGH ARONSON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE LATEST STRIKE MANIFESTO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In last week's leading article under the above heading, there are evidences that you have somewhat misunderstood the recent action of the British Medical Association with regard to the Insurance Act. You are right in thinking that it is difficult to imagine a medical "strike," if by that, as you explain, is meant that the profession would, for however short a period, lay down their arms in their lifelong battle against death and disease. At any rate, I know, as a member of the profession, who is in the thick of the fight, that it is absolutely impossible for any such strike to receive sufficient medical support to have any appreciable effect upon the course of professional relations. To refuse to render service to a patient is quite a different thing from refusing to make a contract in advance to render unlimited service upon certain specific terms. It is this latter course only that the profession is making arrangements to be able to do if certain eventualities arise. The fact that the organisation needed to carry out this step in a concerted manner must necessarily be analogous to that adopted by workmen who are about to declare a general strike, seems to have misled you and others into the belief that the final step, if such became necessary, would resemble the withholding of labor in the manner characteristic of the common strike. Any such proposal would, I believe, make the general body of the profession as angry with any representative committee which might propose it as the misapprehension that it has been proposed seems to have made certain sections of the public and the press. The unnecessary heat which has thereby been introduced into the matter cannot fail to do harm to the calm discussion of the subject of medical benefit which has now happily commenced between the Commissioners and the Advisory Committee.

In the simplest terms, what is called the doctors' "latest move," is as follows: The doctors' chief representative body has informed the Commissioners that there are certain conditions (by no means solely connected with remuneration) which must necessarily be arranged for in the service if it is to receive the cordial co-operation of the profession as a whole. To this it is replied, unofficially but evidently on behalf of the Commissioners, that if it is found impossible for the Commissioners to satisfy the doctors, it will be necessary to let the insured persons make their own arrangements with their medical attendants. Now, if the arrangements are made under the Act, this will, *ipso facto*, determine all existing contracts between individual doctors and patients about to become insured persons, or between

doctors and friendly societies on behalf of such persons. But if the arrangements break down with the Commissioners, and private arrangements have to be made, existing agreements might in law remain in force. It, therefore, becomes the merest act of prudence to prepare in advance to give notice to terminate such agreements. They were entered into with people who were voluntarily making such efforts as they could to provide by thrift against emergencies which they would have to meet unaided. Their reconsideration becomes absolutely essential when conditions are so entirely altered as they will be under the Act. Henceforth these same people will be compelled to make this provision, and their employers and the general taxpayer will be compelled to help them, and when the time of emergency comes, they will find themselves substantially assisted by the receipt of sickness or invalidity benefit. Can doctors really be accused of indifference to the humane problems of the Insurance Act because in the altered conditions which it secures they propose to be relieved of the philanthropic burden of accepting inadequate remuneration from those whose incapacity to meet the hour of sickness they alone have regarded in the past?

When the working man relied entirely on himself and such help as his fellow-workers could give him, the doctors, out of their humanity, accepted a penny a week as a partial recompense for providing him with attendance for all ordinary medical emergencies. Is it insatiable greed for the doctor to ask this same man, when compelled to insure, and assisted by his employer and the State to do so, to provide the magnificent sum of twopence a week? That, sir, is our demand. As a lifelong Liberal and an ardent supporter of the principle of sickness insurance, I confidently appeal to you to throw the weight of your influence in favor of a just recognition of the reasonable demands of the doctors.—Yours, &c.,

M.R.C.S. Eng.

London, May 14th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The comic imps who chuckle over the inconsistencies of mankind must surely enjoy themselves over the spectacle of the "Daily Mail" applauding and *THE NATION* condemning the use by the doctors of "the three characteristic weapons of the industrial strike."

One thing, certainly, is refreshing in your article on the subject. We are used to being beslobbered with maudlin sentiment whenever an attempt is on foot to exploit our services. Your heroics of a few months ago on doctors "engaged on a life-long battle against death and disease," in whom it would be "a kind of treason to lay down their arms," were quite in the style to which we are accustomed. But your advice to us to "ask ourselves what reason the State, the friendly societies, the tax-payers, the workmen, and the mass of our patients have to be satisfied with us," is, indeed, in a new style. Personally, I prefer it. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer," is one of the oldest recognised moves in the game of bargaining. Just in order to clear the air, and to be rid of your graceful suggestion that we can only "strike against dying men" (and, presumably, therefore must, as usual, be thankful if we get paid at all), let me remind you that the proposed strike is only directed against certain contract terms. We will always be ready to give our services to whoever asks for them, and to be paid, or not to be paid, at the usual private rates.

But the serious part of your article consists of certain questions, which, as they illustrate the want of enlightenment of the public on a matter of vital concern to the medical profession, and through it to the community at large, deserve a serious answer.

Your main argument appears to be: Club fees average at present 4s. per head, including medicines. There is no difficulty in obtaining doctors at this rate. Therefore, the Government is generous in providing 6s. per head for the same service, and the doctors should be grateful for such an offer. In other words, 50 per cent. more than an inadequate payment, must be an adequate payment.

In the first place, let me remind you that of the 6s. provided, 1s. 6d. is earmarked for medicine and appliances. These appliances are such as have never been provided by



doctors out of club fees. And the sum deducted from the 6s. must cover not only the net cost of medicines and appliances, but a profit, which, small as it is, the doctor is forbidden, and in my opinion rightly forbidden, to handle under the Act. Next, there are certain very important differences between existing contract practice and Insurance Act practice.

(1) Club rates do not, as a rule, include operations, eye examinations, or attendance on fractures.

(2) In many districts, especially where rates are low, women are not accepted as club patients, as their average sickness is considerably higher than that of males.

(3) Club members are to a certain extent selected lives, only admitted after medical examination.

(4) Club treatment does not apply to illness arising out of the member's own fault.

(5) Clubs almost invariably limit the area within which treatment can be claimed. The 6s. estimate under the Act makes no provision for distance.

(6) The lower club rates are found only in populous neighborhoods, where distances are short, and where hospital accommodation is available, so that all serious cases are easily got rid of.

But, apart from conditions which will make service under the Act more onerous than existing club work, the question remains, Does contract work pay, at anything like the existing rates?

I have never yet heard of a medical man attempting to live by contract practice alone. Club work is a by-product, undertaken at a price which does not bear its fair share of establishment expenses. Consequently, if this department is increased, as it will be under the Act, at the expense of private work, without an adequate increase of the rate of payment, the total income must inevitably be reduced.

My own experience is derived from fifteen years' work in a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, surrounded by a rural district extending to about a six-mile radius. My club practice now includes about 1,200 patients, very few of whom live in the rural district. It used to be much larger, but I have reduced it systematically, to the great advantage of both my leisure and my pocket.

I find that these 1,200 patients entail an average of 6·7 visits, and 6·1 surgery consultations daily (Sundays included). This I know represents an extremely low sickness rate as compared with most other districts. But the neighborhood is an unusually healthy one. Now, a man with 2,500 contract patients would, under the conditions here, have a daily average of only 13·4 visits and 12·2 consultations. But unfortunately one's work is limited, not by the average, but by the maximum number of calls on one's time in the busiest possible day. And I find that my club visits often rise to twenty-five and the consultations to twelve during the winter months. 2,500 contract patients might thus be expected on occasion to require about fifty-two visits and twenty-five consultations. And no man can even pretend to do more than this amount of work, however badly, unless his patients are all closely grouped together. Even then I should be sorry to be his seventy-seventh patient.

As the State cannot reasonably expect to obtain medical attendance at a "dumping" rate—i.e., at a less than would provide a living wage for a man who had no other resources, we may ask ourselves what income can be provided by 2,500 contract patients at various rates.

At 4s. 6d. per head the gross income would be £562.

At 8s. 6d. it would be ..... £1,062.

The necessary expenses of such a practice in this district would be at the lowest estimate—

Motor car and driver ...	£200
Rent of consulting room and garage	25
Instruments, chloroform, dressings, antiseptics, and such emergency drugs as the doctor must provide ...	25

Total ... .. £250

Therefore—

Net income at 4s. 6d. ...	£312
" " 8s. 6d. ...	812

Now, remembering that this is the highest possible income of a man sufficiently popular to attract as many patients as he chooses to attend, and sufficiently energetic and healthy to do an almost incredible amount of work, and that the work extends to seven days, and often several nights a week, is the lower figure reasonable? Is the higher figure excessive? A doctor has paid for his technical education, at an age when many men are already earning a livelihood, a matter of five or six years of hard work and £1,000 of cash. On the lower figure, is it possible for him to provide an average family with as expensive an education as he has himself received, to insure against sickness and death, and to provide for the years when he will no longer be able to work at such pressure? If not, it is not a living wage.

My own opinion is that the British Medical Association has made a radical mistake in consenting even to discuss any capitation fee. With a reasonable income limit, I believe that the medical profession would gladly accept payment for work done on a scale that no one would consider excessive. Payment on such a system might or might not prove more expensive than on a capitation basis. If it did, it would only prove that the present proposals would result in the working of the medical benefit of the Act at the expense of the profession.

Personally, I have hailed the Act, as a whole, as the boldest attempt ever made at dealing with the twin problems of sickness and poverty. I fully believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had no intention, in framing the Bill, of sweating the profession. Misled, probably by the representatives of the Friendly Societies, he even believed that he was doing us a good turn. But intentions matter little to us. We had much rather that the egg had been aimed at us and had hit the other man. We are faced with an inevitable reduction of our incomes—which matters little, except to us and to our families. But the certain consequence, which is of the most terrible importance to the community, is that men of ability will seek for some more remunerative field for employment, and that the standard of treatment of disease—already low enough compared with what it might be—will be still further debased in the hands of an overworked and underpaid profession.

One word more. You say that "the scientific repute of British doctors and the average training of our local and country medicals do not stand well when we consider the advance in the Continental scale." I am intimately acquainted with conditions in France, and have some knowledge both of Germany and of Italy; and I maintain that neither in scientific training, in devotion to duty, nor in kindness and consideration for his patients, need the British practitioner fear comparison with his colleagues in these countries. Further, there are few things more puerile than scientific Chauvinism, and names abound in Continental medicine to which every British medical man pays reverence. But the year of the death of Lord Lister is hardly a well-chosen occasion to attempt to decry the repute of British medical science.—Yours, &c.,

COUNTRY G.P.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a Liberal and a medical man who deliberately chose to practise in an industrial neighborhood for the purpose of rendering help in social service, I would ask you to insert a few words of criticism on your leading article of last week's issue.

You imply that medical men, by the very nature of their work, cannot refuse their services, and are at the mercy of their clients. While always regarding ourselves as servants of the public, we reserve to ourselves the right to say on what terms we shall be compelled to attend such a large proportion of the population as is included in the £160 limit.

That you should believe that medical men should suddenly forsake their well-known tradition of attending any case of urgent necessity astonishes me, and only demonstrates how little the feeling in the profession is understood.

Our profession will never lay down their arms in their "life-long battle against death and disease," but when the State suddenly awakes to the fact that the campaign can be organised on national lines, then the profession only claims to co-operate on its own terms, and objects to being exploited at the hands of any section of politicians.

The Insurance Act was welcomed by large numbers of



medical men, because it initiated a scheme whereby the rank and file of the profession could be enrolled as health officers in a manner foreshadowed by the Poor Law Commission for the parish doctors. They welcomed the recognition of their work, and sincerely hoped that the Government would see the importance of securing their hearty co-operation.

We recognise that, once the scheme was launched, great improvements have been made, and the profession would gain greatly by freedom from the control which has long hampered its work in the past. You say, what is manifestly unfair, that "from the beginning of the controversy, the question which has absorbed them, *to the exclusion of every other*, is that of fees." The policy of the British Medical Association, which, by the way, is chiefly composed of general practitioners who have had to do the contract practice in the past, has been summed up in the sentence—"honorable service with adequate remuneration." The remuneration is important, because many practitioners will find their incomes considerably reduced by having to attend men earning between £100 and £160 who have hitherto paid them fees.

The movement which is receiving the enthusiastic support of the rank and file of the profession is not intended for the "nullification of a law framed with no hostile intent." It is not political, and it is lamentable that the press supporting the Government should be so shortsighted as to think it so.

We are out for an adequately-paid service on honorable terms which will dignify contract practice, and put it upon a very different level to what it now occupies.

It is important that the country should see that the profession is free from lay control, otherwise its service to the State is limited and undermined.

This is too great an opportunity for the profession to organise itself for real service, not in the interests of any party, but for the good of the State, and you may rely upon it that, in spite of criticisms and insults, the profession is not going to miss it.—Yours, &c.,

B. A. RICHMOND, M.D., J.P.

95, Lower Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

May 15th, 1912.

P.S.—I am one of many medical men who serve on a Public Health Committee, and on the local committee of our Anti-tuberculosis Dispensary.

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WORKING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter from a New Zealander in the NATION for May 11th is very interesting, and the point of view of one who has opportunity for first-hand observation is always worthy of consideration. I think the mistake, however, made by people of the type of your correspondent is that they regard woman suffrage purely from the political point of view. If this were the only side to the question, there would be undoubtedly, in the way of idealism, far too much claimed on its behalf. Women, however, feel that in the denial of the franchise a stigma is cast upon their whole sex, and they also believe that the bestowal of the franchise will not only remove this stigma, but that the desires, needs, and opinions of women will be taken into greater consideration and regarded as more important than, unfortunately, they are at present. Personally, I agree with the writer, that often exaggerated language is used on both sides, as to the wonders the vote will accomplish, or the disasters that will follow in its train; but this is a feature common to all movements fighting to express an idea, and struggling for life. Some idealism is needful to keep up the enthusiasm and spirit that moves things forward and breathes life into the dry bones. I do not think, though, that, as a whole, women do "look down with self-righteous scorn on the folly and wickedness of men," but for so long they have had it impressed upon them that they were the inferior sex in every respect, that now, when like Mrs. Sam Wesley, they are beginning to find out they can do as much and sometimes more than their husbands, they begin to doubt their inferiority, and even sometimes to assert superiority. The pendulum has a habit of swinging too far in the other direction for a time, as we all know. As there are still so

many unenlightened men, some "trumpeting aloud" is hardly to be helped. One feels, too, that many of the exaggerations indulged in are the froth and bubble which of necessity accompany all heated and alive controversies.

Woman suffrage will not establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, but all who truly love liberty do look to it as a step in the right direction towards a wider and better emancipation and progress of humanity as a whole.—Yours, &c.,

K. DOUGLAS SMITH.

26, Erskine Hill, Hendon, N.W.

May 12th, 1912.

### THE BLACK PERIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A leading article in to-day's "Morning Post" (May 14th) is not likely to be unchallenged by readers of THE NATION. There are many aspects of this important subject, that one would rather see further elaborated in an article in THE NATION. I will, however, ask you, in a short letter, to allow me at once to repudiate the bold assertions, and still bolder remedies, upon the "Black Peril," suggested in the "Morning Post" leader.

I attended last summer the deeply-interesting sittings of the Racial Congress, held in London, under the presidency of Lord Weardale, at which a large number of papers were submitted by almost every authority upon racial questions. I have only recently returned from visiting all the West Indian Colonies, with the object of carefully studying the miscegenation of races. I learnt at least this: The so-called "Black Peril" in no way exists, and has never, I believe, existed in any of the West Indian dependencies; it does not, and has never, I believe, existed in any of the East Indian dependencies. It is said to exist in the color zone of the United States of America and in South Africa. Why should these two parts of the world be any exception to the rest? In the West Indies, the colored and the white races are treated with equality by our laws and lesser regulations; in the East Indies, with a similar equality. In the color zone of the United States and in South Africa, there is not the same equality. In the United States, the laws and regulations are cruel, and even brutal, with the result that the black man hates the white man.

It is not because "the negro becomes thoroughly imbued by the idea that the white races are higher, better, more beautiful, he is moved to miscegenation by the same force which repels the white from the black." It is because the white man lynches; therefore, the black man assaults.—Yours, &c.,

T. R. BRIDGWATER.

22, Ovington Gardens, S.W.

### DIET AND THE REASONABLE CHILD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are many (including, perhaps, some readers of THE NATION) who would consider that diet should be one of the last questions in which children should be allowed any considerable freedom of choice, and those who have failed to notice, or have consciously ignored, the evolution of the reasonable child must have experienced considerable surprise in hearing the opinions of most of those who assembled on Monday last at the Diet Conference, opened by the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall. Your readers may, therefore, feel some interest in a summary of its conclusions. There was hardly a speaker who did not lay stress on the necessity of teaching reason instead of obedience, of instilling knowledge instead of using moral or physical force, and yet those assembled were not mere theorists on the subject of education, they were practical men and women engaged in teaching under varying conditions in almost every part of England.

At the opening of the Conference, Mr. Malim, a master of Haileybury, expressed the belief that boys enjoyed food most which they had prepared themselves, and suggested that this instinct of wishing to look after their own interests in the matter of food was a thing to be encouraged and made use of, and not to be suppressed or temporarily

crushed. This principle was supported by Dr. Clement Dukes, the pioneer of the study of health at school, who stated emphatically that the way to prevent grumbling among boys in regard to their school-diet was to encourage it and to listen to it, and never, under any circumstances, to attempt to forbid it. Dr. Robert Hutchinson denied that as yet there was any proved connection between character and physical development, and stated that the growing child could not be habitually overfed; at present the child itself was the only scientific register of the amount of food necessary in each individual case.

Many speakers suggested that the children who complained of their school-diet should write their own menus, and even, in certain cases, grow the vegetable part of their food. Meals, such as tea, to which boys and girls often brought their own food were always peculiarly relished, and since on relish depended both the appetite and digestion, few would deny that within certain limits the choice of food should be left to the children. Almost every member present was alive to the advantages of the "tuck shop," where individual tastes could have a large play, and even in regard to the regular school meals, everyone agreed that the diversity of taste should be recognised at all ages, and that no caterer should fail to remember that whereas Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean.

It is a sign of the changing ideas on education that the subject of diet, on which most teachers used to dogmatise to an almost unlimited extent, should now become one on which the child is to decide, and in regard to which the parent or teacher is at the most a judicious provider or a friendly guide. Mrs. House, the wife of the headmaster of Malvern College, said that if boys were allowed enough to do and sufficient outlets for their personal hobbies, much of the present grumbling would disappear, and any that remained should be given very serious and careful attention. She emphasised the fact that "tuck" provided a means for friendship and hospitality, and for this reason alone was a considerable factor in the formation of youthful character.

The same tendency to replace forced obedience by reasonable suggestion and intelligent instruction was shown by the speakers on the subject of the teaching of physiology and personal hygiene; every member of the Congress dwelt on the necessity of producing at an early age a reasonable thinker, instead of an obedient slave or automaton. Dr. Shelley, of Haileybury College, who took the chair in the afternoon, dwelt on the supreme importance of the knowledge of one's own body during adolescence, which until now has been completely ignored by parents and teachers alike, and Mr. Reddie, the headmaster of Abbotsholme, pointed out that every country but England had enthusiastically introduced physiological instruction into all their schools. One speaker suggested that among young children the teaching of cleanliness should also be accompanied by a reasonable explanation of its importance, and another lady, a sister of a religious order, stated that a simple lesson on the nervous system made the girls under her charge adopt quite a different attitude on the subject of going early to bed.

Towards the close of the conference, Dr. Symes, of Clifton College, suggested that the physiological ideals of personal hygiene were useless in teaching such matters, but he had obviously not realised the important distinction between the ready-made ideals, which we often attempt to give our children, and those self-made, and often self-initiated, ideals, which, in the youthful mind, often achieve such wonders. Dr. Symes also pointed out the dangers of physical self-consciousness, and said that no physiological instruction should be given to boys and girls until they reached sixteen; but the speaker had obviously given the matter only superficial attention; he had failed to consider that self-consciousness is at its height about sixteen, and that if physiological teaching has been begun before adolescence, there is much less shock when further facts are taught later on. Any physiological facts taught during adolescence, either before or after sixteen, will probably be grossly exaggerated if the study is not a wholesome continuation of what the child already knows; self-consciousness is produced by sudden new knowledge, not by an elaboration of knowledge, the rudiments of which are already well known. There is

also the fact, entirely ignored by Dr. Symes, that, if no physiological teaching is given to a child until sixteen, it does not mean that the boy or girl possesses no physiological knowledge; it means that the child's mind is full of unwholesome half-truths where he should have a scientific and absolutely truthful knowledge of facts.

If, however, the Congress did not enter into the deeper and more important psychological facts of adolescent growth, yet it established clearly two facts—the one pregnant with hope for the future, the other a retarding—but, we hope, only temporary phenomenon. The hopeful fact, established beyond doubt by the Congress, is the growing trust in the child's power of reason, the increasing belief among all teachers that a spontaneous action committed in response to the child's own intelligence is better than the wisest act of blind obedience; that the former is a foundation-stone of knowledge, that the latter is a destroyer of all powers of individual reasoning. The second fact emphasised by the Congress is one which every sincere educationalist must deplore—it is the dislike, contempt, and distrust of the teacher for the parent, and while this exists, progress must be slow. The question can only be solved satisfactorily in one way—this teacher must be allowed to marry, and combine the advantages of instructor and parent. This, however, is an economic question, which can only be remedied when we realise more fully the importance of the profession of schoolmaster and schoolmistress, and remunerate more handsomely those into whose hands we commit the mental and bodily welfare of the future generation.—Yours, &c.,

EDUCATIONALIST.

Reform Club, S.W.

May 14th, 1912.

## Poetry.

### OUR LADY OF GREY DAYS.

On some lonely strand,  
Beaten by the tide  
Of the mighty sea,  
Sometimes wanders she  
On the level sand,  
Silent, sad-eyed.

Or, by the river side,  
Where the shadow stays  
In the dripping grass;  
No one sees her pass  
Silent, sad-eyed,  
Our Lady of grey days.

When the cold winds blow,  
As in tournament,  
Through the autumn trees,  
Recking not of these  
Often she will go,  
Sad-eyed, silent,

Through the tanglement  
Of the forest ways  
Where the dead leaves fall  
In stillness magical,  
Sad-eyed, silent,  
Our Lady of grey days.

When the Winter sky,  
Cold and colorless,  
Lowers after rain,  
In a country lane  
She will pass you by  
Clothed in quietness.

Where the people press  
In the great highways  
Of a city's stir,  
I have met with her,  
Clothed in quietness,  
Our Lady of grey days.

ROSALIND MURRAY.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of William Robertson Smith." By J. Sutherland Black and George Chrystal. (Black. 15s. net.)
- "Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith." (Black. 10s. net.)
- "Lord Durham's Report on the Affairs of British North America." Edited by Sir C. P. Lucas. (Frowde. 3 vols. 28s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life of James, First Duke of Ormonde (1610-1688)." By Lady Burghclere. (Murray. 2 vols. 28s. net.)
- "Irish Folk-History Plays." By Lady Gregory. (Putnams. 2 vols. 10s. net.)
- "Stupor Mundi: The Life and Times of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans, King of Sicily and Jerusalem." By Lionel Allshorn. (Secker. 16s. net.)
- "Some German Women and their Salons." By Mary Hargrave. (Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Church in the Pages of 'Punch.'" By the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)
- "Views and Reviews from the Outlook of an Anthropologist." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Through the Ivory Gate." By Reginald Farrer. (Palmer. 6s. net.)
- "Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène." Par Frédéric Masson. (Paris: Ollendorff. 7 fr. 50.)
- "Bernard Shaw et son Œuvre." Par Charles Cestre. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)
- "L'Elève Gilles." Roman. Par André Lafon. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Die geistige Hebung der Volksmassen in England." Von Dr. Ernest Schultze. (München: Oldenbourg. 4 m.)
- "Die Jüngsten." Roman. Von S. Asch. (Berlin: Fischer. 3 m. 50.)

READERS of Mr. H. G. Wells's novels may have guessed that he has given a good deal of attention to children's games, and that he has a high opinion of their educational value. Mr. Wells has now invented a new form of war-game of a rather elaborate character, and intended, of course, for students of strategy and tactics, and he is at present engaged upon a book in which the game is described.

The current number of "The Review of Reviews"—a memorial number, containing many interesting tributes to its late editor—has an announcement that in the June issue of the magazine there will be published an autobiographical character-sketch of Mr. W. T. Stead. The sketch was only finished a few days before Mr. Stead sailed for America, and as it was not intended for publication, it deals freely with the men and events with which Mr. Stead was associated. It ought to be extremely interesting, for Mr. Stead had an extraordinary power of interesting people in himself, and being interested by them. And though his methods and rapidly-shifting views sometimes alienated old comrades, he did not lose their regard, or break up his personal association with them.

LAST year, mainly through the efforts of M. Thureau-Dangin, the French Academy founded a prize of ten thousand francs, to be awarded for a work of an imaginative and elevated character. This prize has just been given to M. André Lafon for his novel, "L'Elève Gilles." M. Lafon is only twenty-seven years old, and "L'Elève Gilles" is the first novel he has published. It is the story of a school-boy's life, and, except for a painful domestic tragedy, it has very little incident. M. Lafon is on the staff of the Collège Sainte-Croix, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, so that he has had many opportunities for a first-hand study of his theme.

NORTH-COUNTRY folk will find special interest in "Amor Vincit," a novel by Mrs. R. S. Garnett, whose first book, "The Infamous John Friend," attracted no little attention. The scene of "Amor Vincit" is laid in the rough moorlands of North Staffordshire, and the stern, reticent character of the inhabitants, masking veins of tenderness, is shown in the course of this story of a feud between the two leading characters. Messrs. Duckworth are the publishers.

LONDON in literature is a favorite theme, and although the books written about the literary associations of our capital city would fill a library, there is plenty of room for

Mr. St. John Adcock's chatty and entertaining "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London," published last week by Messrs. Dent. Mr. Adcock says, modestly, in his preface, that he has attempted to do little more than supply information about the people who resided in the famous houses of which his brother has made drawings. His book, it is true, deals with only a few of the literary associations of London; but it gives us very pleasant glimpses of the famous men and women who lived in the districts he has chosen. "As far as possible," says Mr. Adcock, "I have quoted from contemporary diaries and memoirs, especially from letters that were written in or to these houses, or from journals that their tenants kept whilst they dwelt there, supplementing all this with a narrative of incidents and events that might help to re-create the life and recapture the atmosphere that belonged to such places in the days that have made them memorable." This is an excellent scheme for such a book, and Londoners of a bookish turn of mind will take pleasure in Mr. Adcock's literary pilgrimages.

HAMPSTEAD, for example, is far richer in literary and artistic associations than most people realise, though when Mr. Thomas Barratt publishes the volumes which have appeared for so long on Messrs. Black's list of announcements, Hampstead will receive something like justice. It was at the "Upper Heath" Tavern, then the "Upper Flask," that Pope, Addison, Steele, Congreve, Hogarth, and the other members of the Kit-Kat Club used to frolic in the eighteenth century. Akenside, Gay, and Arbuthnot, all lived for a time in Hampstead; Keats and Leigh Hunt were closely associated with it; the guests entertained at the "Spaniards" Inn in different generations include Gainsborough, Reynolds, Garrick, Constable, Dickens, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Edward Fitzgerald; while among the famous Hampstead residents buried in the parish churchyard are Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, Romney, Sir Walter Besant, and George du Maurier. And these are but a few of the celebrities who figure in Hampstead's history.

It is a long way from Hampstead to Shadwell, but some of Mr. Adcock's most entertaining pages are occupied with Thomas Day, the eccentric author of "Sandford and Merton," who was born at 36, Wellclose Square, Shadwell. Day was one of the first Englishmen to accept Rousseau's theories, which he carried to such a length that he applied that philosopher's pedagogic principles to equine training. The application was not successful, for Day died from concussion of the brain, caused by a fall from a refractory horse. But perhaps the most amusing episode in his career was his attempt to provide himself with a suitable wife. The lady had to be "simple as a mountain-girl in her dress, diet, and manners, and fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines." With a view to securing such a mate, he adopted two orphan girls, and endeavored by his teaching "to imbue them with a deep hatred for dress, for luxury, for fine people, for fashion and titles." For a time he thought his experiment had succeeded, and that one of the two would be the ideal Mrs. Day. But she failed in fortitude and courage. "When he dropped melting sealing-wax on her arms, she did not endure it heroically; nor, when he fired pistols, which she believed to be charged with balls, at her petticoats, could she help starting aside or suppress her screams." She had the further grave defects of not being able to keep a secret and of caring nothing for science, so Day gave up the experiment and married a lady "who possessed a considerable fortune."

THE first four volumes in a series intended to provide German readers with a popular account of English conditions have just been published by the firm of Oldenbourg, of Munich and Berlin. The general editor of the series is Dr. E. Sieper, Professor of English Philology at the University of Munich, and the enterprise has the support of the Anglo-German Committee for the promotion of friendly relations between the two countries. The titles of the volumes already issued are "Die geistige Hebung der Volksmassen in England" and "Volksbildung und Volkswohlstand in England," both by Dr. Ernest Schultze; "Die Gartenstadt-bewegung in England," by Herr Berlepsch-Valendia; and "Der Präraphaelismus in England," by Professor H. W. Singer.



## Reviews.

## THE NEXT JUDAISM.

"Outlines of Liberal Judaism." By C. G. MONTEFIORE.  
(Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

"It is his childish questionings about God and man—how shall I answer him?"

"As your father answered you."

"Exactly. My father answered me as truly as he knew.

Shall I give answers I know to be false?"—THE NEXT RELIGION.

I MAKE NO apology for quoting from my own play, for it is in precisely such a dialogue that Mr. Claude Montefiore tells us his "Outlines of Liberal Judaism" took its origin. "So you would teach your children many things which you yourself disbelieve?" he asked a friend. "Yes," was the reply. "I would." And so Mr. Montefiore was driven to show in a book that his friend's position was untenable—that there was no necessity to mislead the Jewish child, and that Modernism could be safely brought home to the schoolboy. At first, he seems to have designed his book for the nursery itself; but, growing conscious of his inability to write for the child-mind, he began to address the parents; finally, he prefaced each chapter with counsel to parents as to the best way of imparting its contents to the young, or as to what portions should be withheld from them. Add that throughout Mr. Montefiore is reporting and answering the criticisms of a group of friends, and not abstaining from footnotes, and you will see that the whole is as heterogeneous as one of Mr. Shaw's theatrical volumes. An amusing example of the first phase of composition remains embedded in the opening chapter (the italics are mine): "Man seems not only to rise above the gnat and the bee, but also to fall below them. For if he knows that he knows, he also knows sometimes (*as when he refuses to learn his lessons*) that he is wilfully ignorant."

It might, indeed, be possible to construct a book for children and a book for adults out of this *débris*; but it is regrettable that Mr. Montefiore did not limit himself to the latter piece of work. "Liberal Judaism" is still so embryonic that to produce a manual for children before the fathers have settled their faith or even their ritual observances is premature. When the atmosphere has been definitely created, the children will absorb it soon enough. Meantime, Mr. Montefiore's task is to explain his religion to adults, and to win, if he can, converts. Unfortunately, Mr. Montefiore possesses, together with other saintly qualities all too rare in the Jewries of the West, that humility which does not distinguish the founders of religions. These may have been humble with God; they have never been humble with man. They have come, like Jehovah to Sinai, with peals of thunder and flashes of lightning. Their message has been definite as the Decalogue. Whereas there is not a modern doubt but has assailed Mr. Montefiore, there is no difficulty which he fails to report honestly; yet there is hardly one that he is able to solve. Had he applied to life and Nature the same unshrinking canons of logic and modern feeling which he applies to the Bible, it is hard to see how his Judaism would have emerged more secure from that ordeal than the old orthodoxy. Yet, despite his pained consciousness of the welter of the worlds and the peoples and the long evolution of humanity from savage origins, despite his recognition of the illusions of history, he still proclaims a God of perfect righteousness, perfect wisdom, and perfect love. And his faith finds its justification in the pregnant sentence:—

"I can have faith that the good and wise God has his own adequate solution of evil and suffering, but that a godless world produced goodness and knowledge, reason and love—this I cannot believe at all."

No doubt the value of faith is the greater the more it has been saturated with scepticism; but a prophet should give the world his conclusions rather than his hesitations; his finalities, not his fumbblings; and Mr. Montefiore would do better to convey dynamically the passion for God and righteousness that consumes him than to perturb people (or, worse! children) with his uncertainties. But too often, instead of inspiration and stimulus, we get such sentences as: "If my remarks are taken with these provisos and

saving clauses, they will not—in this now modified form—cause (as I hope or believe) misapprehension or uneasiness." Since Sidgwick's "Method of Ethics," there has been nothing so irritating. Mr. Montefiore is not even a Sidgwick. Full of spiritual and intellectual suggestion though his book is, his analysis rarely goes to the root of the matter, except, perhaps, when he points out "a certain healthy contradiction" in our moral ideals. But it is impossible to follow him upon his hundred-and-one excursions. There is not a point of theology, eschatology, metaphysics, or ethics which he does not touch upon in these 350 pages, which, moreover, include concrete questions of ritual or even social problems, and it is pathetic to see the saint and prophet in Mr. Montefiore striving to accommodate themselves to the parochialism of his friends and followers. "Liberal Judaism," he claims, is an organic whole, and has not been arrived at by a process of negation. Why not, then, write his book about this whole, and leave its practical application to the politicians of the Ghetto? Such a system, being positive in character, would carry with it the destruction of whatever contradicts it in the orthodox system. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Montefiore's system is not organic, nor has it arisen from a nucleus of its own, but has been created—despite his disavowals—by eliminating from orthodox whatever contradicts Mr. Montefiore's conscience (for to him, as to Martineau, conscience is the final arbiter).

Hence, instead of dynamically expounding the new, he is perpetually wrestling with this or that bit of the old system, rejecting one or retaining another, disavowing the dietary laws, or clinging to an eviscerated and carefully denationalised Passover. He has neither evolved the old system on its own essential lines, nor created a new system. His treatment of the Sabbath is characteristic. He says that the impossibility of the Western Jew resting on Saturday is, "from a religious point of view, the strongest possible argument for Zionism or Territorialism." But Zionist or Territorialist as I am, and handsome as is Mr. Montefiore's concession, I cannot accept it. For why, on Mr. Montefiore's system—if it be an organic creation—should the Sabbath be synonymous with Saturday? Yet it is the Saturday (with the Friday evening) that the Liberal Jew is adjured by Mr. Montefiore to keep holy. Mr. Montefiore's antagonism to Zionism and national Judaism would be more intelligible if his religion were universalistic. But not only is the narrowness of Jewish nationalism replaced by the narrowness of British nationalism, his religion, swathed as it is in shreds of Jewish ritual and tatters of Hebrew tradition, still makes its appeal to the Jews alone; it even finds its readiest echo in the Ghetto north of Hyde Park. For what reason Mr. Montefiore, having evolved for himself a religion so noble and sustaining, so rational and universal, yet addresses his ministrations to the Jews exclusively, I have never been able to make out, though I often suspect he is the greatest nationalist of us all. The old Judaism, like Catholicism, was a complete organism, with a soul and an *aura* of its own. Mr. Montefiore, under the pressure of modern thought, transforms the structure, evaporates the *aura* (if not the spiritual essence), destroys all that dear intensity of concrete certitude, yet gives us no compensation for the loss in intension by an increase in extension.

But really, it scarcely seems worth while for Judaism to go through such tragic travail of soul only to come out almost as tribal as before; even the New Testament, that work of exclusively Jewish authorship, being still excluded from the Jewish curriculum. Mr. Montefiore, as I say, struggles against himself and his parochial followers, for at heart he obviously aspires to make the Synagogue universal, and he tries to do justice even to the Gospels. But if (as he expressly declares on p. 324) to the world as a whole the Bible will always continue to include the New Testament as well as the Old, how is this to be reconciled with the hope of Judaizing the world? Indeed, so far as the contradictory passage of the next page has any meaning, the prophecy that the religion of the future "will be a developed and purified Judaism," and will cherish the New Testament, seems to accept the fact that Judaism will still remain outside the next world-religion. O lame and impotent conclusion! only intelligible if Mr. Montefiore is really the most secret and passionate of Zionists. Mr. Montefiore seeks to evade this conclusion by pleading that

the Jews have to remain a distinct religious community "for a very long time indeed." This is time-serving at its most literal. But what a waste of work, after destroying the old Judaism, to create merely a new Ghetto! If the Martians were to invade the earth, men of all colors would be found fighting in common, and the black peril and the yellow peril would be forgotten. So in a period when the divine, and even the ethical, are savagely questioned and assailed, one would rather expect theists to stand together than to let themselves be sundered by theological systems equally unintelligible.

And I should have thought the line of the future for theists lay rather in coming to some understanding on the divinity of Jesus. If Christians are ready to abandon the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement, in their narrow individual and episodic sense, there is no reason why Jews should not admit that the heroic tragedy of the great Galilean illumines the cosmic problem of suffering. Has Mr. Montefiore really considered the Jewish God profoundly enough? Is it absolutely necessary to make Him so perfectly happy? "The Jewish doctrine of God," he says, "is not afraid to declare that the divine perfection excludes the idea of suffering." It would be truer to say that the Jewish doctrine of God has never been thought out, perhaps because the genius of Judaism shies at schematics, and prefers the "healthy contradiction" of life. Jewish literature by no means shrinks from presenting images of a deity in distress. Genesis vi., 6, shows Him repenting of having made man, and "grieved at His heart," and the wrath so freely attributed to Him throughout the Bible cannot be entirely pleasurable, however righteous. It is true that when Jewish philosophy was created—under Arabic-Aristotelean influence in the tenth century—Saadia denied that God could suffer, but only at the cost of proving that we cannot attribute to Him any action or feeling whatever—a demonstration which Maimonides, two centuries later, carried to even deadlier completeness. Mr. Montefiore is no academic philosopher, but a live thinker, who rightly bases religion on experience. Whence, then, this professorial conviction that suffering would impair "the divine perfection"? He is a model of *enkelheit*, but here, surely, there is more of Christophobia than of "sweet reasonableness" and objectivity. Since he expressly approves George Eliot's sentiment that the highest human life is one of conscious voluntary suffering, why should the highest divine life exclude it? Indeed, what does he mean by crying, in one of his few impassioned passages, "God cares. He must care!" For "caring" already involves "care." Mr. Montefiore is fond of the phrase, "the fatherhood of God." But "fatherhood" is not a mere genealogical concept. It involves the anxiety, as well as the protecting love, of human fatherhood.

Mr. Coventry Patmore is the only English poet whom Mr. Montefiore quotes. But why did he not consider the father's words in the famous lines on "The Toys"?

"And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own."

Or,

"Then, *fatherly not less*  
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

Indeed, we find this exact note in a Synagogue poem of the tenth century, by a Rabbi of Mainz, which is recited on the eve of the Day of Atonement:—

"He is a God who softens at our cry.  
'It is my people's ignorance,' He saith."

It is a pity Mr. Montefiore does not draw more on the rich vein of Jewish mysticism, especially when one needs go no further than the Prayer-book to find lines like—

"His glory is on me, and mine on Him."

I am afraid Mr. Montefiore's God is too abstract for the people, and too concrete for the philosopher. Either Mr. Montefiore must define Him by negatives in the manner of Maimonides, and reduce Him to a sterile X, or he must boldly, and in defiance of Israel's great philosopher, go on to a certain anthropomorphism. But whatever part suffering and sacrifice may continue to play in the concept of divinity, there is no doubt of the rôle they play in humanity, and it is because there is too little of the martyr-

spirit in the Ghetto north of Hyde Park that the new sect is probably destined to no great future. Even pecuniary sacrifice seems practically limited to the founder. Not out of such tepid ardors and comfortable compromises are new faiths built. So that Mr. Montefiore is probably wise in assuming that the next Judaism will not be the next religion.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

## THE POET OF LIFE.

"Goethe, the Man and His Character." By JOSEPH McCABE. (Nash. 15s. net.)

It needs a great deal of courage to write another "Life" of Goethe. Some biographies, such as Shakspeare's, are difficult to write, because the material is so scanty. We know so little, that hardly anything is worth saying. The difficulty with Goethe's biography is that we know so much. The bare facts known about his life from day to day would fill volumes. He lived in an age of biography—an age of confessions, letters, diaries, and recorded sayings. From youth to extreme old age, he was obviously important to everyone around him, as well as to himself, and hardly any event, acquaintanceship, or chance meeting was allowed to escape unregistered. Any point that seemed on a fair way to forgetfulness has now been industriously pursued, and dragged back into light. We suppose he has provided a finer feast for the carrion ghouls of literature than any other corpse.

"But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."

So John Webster prayed in his Dirge; and how often, in reading the scraped-up details of Goethe's life, we could wish the prayer had been answered in his case, and the bones of his existence left in peace!

It is not only the amount of detail that has become terrible; the weariness of it all has infected the subject. Read six or eight German biographies steadily through, and enthusiasm will be almost quenched; you will almost have forgotten that Goethe was a poet. By laborious collection of insignificant facts, by want of proportion, and general ignorance of what the poetic nature means, the biographers have reduced a singularly rich and attractive subject to a desert of sand. Mr. McCabe has recognised the error, though he treats it gently. He speaks of the desire to follow all Goethe's movements as "a praiseworthy but injudicious desire, which spoils half the biographies." All the more, we must admire his courage in facing the subject again, and his enthusiasm in retaining a genuine interest and admiration for the poet and his work. No one who has not confronted the material could imagine the amount of toil, boredom, and discouragement which the author of a volume like this must have survived.

Here we have the course of the poet's life clearly and accurately traced, and enough is said about his surroundings and friendships; perhaps a little too much about his various affections, nearly always so fleeting and unfortunate. The author's account of the women and girls who attracted the poet from time to time is, however, usually just, except that we think the Frau von Stein, who, for ten years, influenced him more strongly than any other woman throughout his life, must have possessed a finer nature than is here imagined. On the other hand, Mr. McCabe is almost painfully right in all that he says of the ill-assorted woman whom Goethe ultimately married. After speaking of her sensuous charm in youth—a charm that so easily captured Goethe on his return from Italy to the colorless monotony of German existence—and after telling of their numerous children who died at birth, and of the one son who grew up (causing bitter grief, and taking to drink in the end, like his mother), Mr. McCabe thus sums up the relation:—

"The fondness for her which he always more or less entertained was checked by her complete lack of culture, and overcast by the jealous concern which her injudicious gaiety caused him; and when circumstances compelled him to convert his concubine into a wife, the effort to extort a recognition of her wearied him. In short, his union with Christiane was the greatest blunder and the most lamentable experience of his career; it is redeemed only by the generosity with which he clung to her."



That estimate is probably true, if a little harsh. Attractive as Goethe's personality must have been whenever his deeper nature broke through a certain stiffness and pedantry of habit, he had no finer quality than the wide generosity of a soul that thought no evil and delighted in allaying the unhappiness around him. "For myself, I am always happy," he once said; "joy pours in upon me from every side. Only for others I am not happy." The saying was true of all his life. His unhappiness (and, as he said in old age, his existence was "sauer genug," and he was recognised in his portraits as a man acquainted with grief)—his unhappiness was nearly always the unhappiness of others, and in all manner of open and secret ways he strove to allay it. Even in the "Xenien," in which he and Schiller attacked the commonplace or hostile writers of the day, he hardly ever succeeded in saying anything sharp or wounding, and in satiric epigrams upon living people, Schiller beat him easily.

In the "Conversations with Eckermann" there is a long and interesting passage (March 14th, 1830) which illustrates this sunny tolerance, extending to public life and supposed national antipathies. Eckermann had remarked that people reproached him for not having led the German uprising against Napoleon's domination. We may take a few sentences from Goethe's reply:—

"This is only a new form of the ancient hatred which has persecuted me for years, and still tries to overcome me in secret. . . . Because they cannot attack my talent now they aim at my character. At one time they call me proud, at another egoistic; now I am envious of rising genius, now sunk in sensuality, now no Christian, and, finally, devoid of love for my country and my own dear Germans. To write war songs from an arm-chair! What a destiny! From the bivouac where one could hear the chargers of the enemy's outposts neighing at night—that would have suited me well enough. But that wasn't my life, nor my business. It was Theodor Körner's. . . . I have never shammed in my poetry. . . . I only made love songs when I was in love. How could I have written songs of hate without hatred?"

"And, between ourselves, I didn't hate the French, though I thanked God when we got rid of them. . . . There is a point where national animosity vanishes—where we stand, as it were, above the nations, and feel the happiness or misery of a neighboring people as though it were our own."

We have been led into this long quotation because it contains so much characteristic of the man, especially of his sincerity in art, and of that generous sympathy with joy and sorrow. It might also, perhaps, serve as a guide in certain international negotiations now in progress. But to return to Mr. McCabe's admirable book: it does not attempt very much criticism. That would be beyond its purpose. But the short estimates are generally right, and the chapter on Goethe's service to natural science, and the errors in his theory of light and color, is particularly excellent. We think it a mistake to speak of "Werther" as the poet's greatest work, and it seems a little absurd to quote, even with some modification, Schiller's enthusiastic greeting of "Hermann und Dorothea"—that Sunday-school idyll of German housewifery—as "the culmination of Goethe's art and of all modern art." It is astonishing to read such things, when we remember that this was the man who wrote "Faust." We freely admit the imperfections in "Faust." As Goethe said himself, there is something "incommensurable" about the theme, and it remains disconnected and fragmentary. Into the Second Part the poet threw a lot of inconsequent and abstract, or semi-scientific, stuff, much as he asked his secretary to throw all manner of bits of manuscript together to make up the second part of "Meister," with the result that it has about as much artistic form as a cartload of shot bricks. But for Mr. McCabe to say simply that the First Part remains one of Goethe's greatest creations is insufficient praise. "Faust" seems likely to be always counted among the few great poems of the world, and both Faust himself, Gretchen, and Mephisto stand among the mind's most vital creations.

Small faults or disagreements may be found in any great undertaking like this book, but we are grateful to Mr. McCabe for so excellent a narrative of a very varied and productive life. Like his own Faust, Goethe tried almost every human experience. Few, if any, poets have so intimately united their art with their life. As he said in the above passage, in all his poetry he never shammed ("ich habe nie affectirt"), and he thus restored to literature

a strength and reality which it is always in danger of losing; and in Germany at that time, as in England, had almost entirely lost. But for higher reasons even than that, the record of his life continues valuable and encouraging.

"Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,  
Den können wir erlösen."

So sing the angels as they bear the body of Faust into a world of which this life is but a shadowy symbol. "Who strenuously onward strives, him we have power to redeem." If one required a text for the aspiring and energetic existence narrated in this volume, one could not find a better.

## THE LOLOS.

"In Forbidden China." By VICOMTE D'OLLONE. (Urwin. 15s. net.)

WHEN the great Jenghiz Khan, uniting under his banner many races in one—the Blue Mongols—and, burning to avenge on the Niu-tchi, or Manchus, the wrongs inflicted on his ancestors, the Hiong-Nu, by the Chinese, led an enormous army into China, and laid waste and conquered the country, that army was composed of representatives of every race in Asia; and China, especially all along its Western border, being to the liking of many, the work of colonisation soon followed the war. Remnants of these races exist along the Western border of China to-day, as units more or less homogeneous, apart from the combinations they have formed with Tibetans, Mongols, and Chinese—the Miao-Tze of Kwei-Chu, the Lolos of Sze-Chuan, and the Si-Fan of Northern Tibet; but their lands, practically forbidden to the explorer, have remained almost unknown.

Less has been ascertained of the Lolos than of either of the other two races. These people of the "high, cold mountains" have found, in their hardy and warlike spirit and Nature's barriers, security from all attack, from all efforts of penetration, pacific or otherwise; and Brooke, the Englishman who succeeded in gaining admittance to the land of the Lolos, paid the penalty with his life. It was, therefore, a daring undertaking on the part of Major Vicomte D'Ollone, of the French Army, to conduct a mission to these peoples and through their lands—albeit a peaceable mission and purely in the interests of science. Accompanied by Captains Lepage and de Fleurette, also by Sub-lieutenant de Boyve, and, on different occasions, by Fathers de Guébriant and Dury, good Catholic priests, living simple but strenuous lives in the wilds of Western China, Major D'Ollone was absent from August 1906 to 1909. The account of his adventures and discoveries, told so naively and with remarkable charm and lucidity of expression, and translated into English by Mr. Bernard Miall (an excellent translation), is a work one can recommend with the utmost sincerity to all who would know something of "Forbidden China."

There is material in Major D'Ollone's book which helps us to understand, from a point of view different from the one generally accepted, how that China, which the world had come to look upon as being homogeneous and static, suddenly became a seething mass of warring elements, and how far-distant Sze-Chuan came to play its part in the revolution which has resulted in the transformation of China into a Republic, in the conversion of the most ancient dynastic form of government into one modern, popular, and democratic. The writer shows us very clearly that the Lolos, in the heart of Sze-Chuan, are not, and, apparently, never have been, subject to China. China has fought them often, and not infrequently to her cost, and has flung up a network of forts in the valleys around their mountain fastnesses; but the Lolos raid Chinese territory to-day, make slaves of Chinese, putting them to work in their fields, and hold control over their frontier as tightly as Nepal holds her borders. Only as a slave, or with special permission, and under strict surveillance the whole of the time, is it possible for a Chinese subject to enter the land of the Lolos. And if it is so with the Lolos, is it not so, possibly, with other so-called Chinese races in other parts of the Chinese Empire? Major D'Ollone found the Miao-Tze controlled by the Tai, first cousins to the Siamese, and the Tai have, or had,



little respect for China. Likewise the Si-Fan, in Northern Tibet. It would not be surprising if the Si-Fan were found to be actively supporting the present Tibetan resistance to Chinese rule. China is peopled with such diverse elements, of which the Lolos, the Miao-Tze and the Si-Fan stand as types, that none can yet say whether anything like stability in government has been reached, nor whether, the military Manchus having been displaced, the non-military Chinese will succeed in holding the gates of Empire against the non-Chinese hordes that dwell in the outlying provinces, along the borders, and in the Suzerain States.

In devoting himself more exclusively to the Lolos, Major D'Ollone has rendered science a service of inestimable value—so much he has to tell us of these interesting people, their manners and customs, and of their country. Setting out from Hanoi, with no guard, the French Government being anxious to avoid any misunderstanding which the presence of even a small guard, not in uniform, might cause, Major D'Ollone made his way to Yunnan-Sen, which became his base of operations. Starting from a point on the Lolo border, near Ning-Yuan-Fu, he proceeded in a northerly direction, to Lei-Po-Ting, where he struck the Blue River, and proved—what two other intrepid Frenchmen have substantiated since—the navigability of the Blue River to a point many hundreds of miles nearer its source than had ever been deemed possible; in itself a great and exceedingly useful accomplishment. Then, after skirting Miao-Tze territory, and touching Wei-Ning, Major D'Ollone, sending a portion of the mission to cross the land of the Miao-Tze, in Kwei-Chu, returned to Yunnan-Sen, whence, rounding Lololand, he made his way to Ning-Yuan-Fu, proceeding North to Tibet and the country of the Si-Fan, traversing this in a north-easterly direction, then breaking off eastwards into Mongolia, touching the desert of Gobi, and on, due East, to Peking.

To get into the Lolo country required a good deal of firmness and courage, and not a little artifice. It reminds one of the method adopted by Sven Hedin in Tibet. Once in the land, too, trouble was by no means at an end, for the Lolos dread foreigners, suspecting them, not unreasonably, of being prospectors. Moreover, the Lolos are a conglomeration of clans, living—some of them—at enmity with each other. Major D'Ollone managed to induce a clan to receive him as its guest, and pass him through its territory; but in the passing on from this clan to the next, and to other clans, there was always much uncertainty, and, occasionally, grave danger. But it was worth the trouble. The Lolos are a fine race of people, and Major D'Ollone saw them unspoiled by contact with the outside world. Some of the Lolo "respondents," or guardians of the Mission, were men of from six feet two inches to six feet six inches in height. "There was nothing of the Asiatic. The complexion was not yellow, but swarthy, like that of the inhabitants of Southern Europe. The eyes, neither oblique nor flattened, were large, and protected by fine, arched brows; the nose was aquiline, the mouth well cut; above all, what a frank, soldierly expression!"

A feudal race of seigneurs, pastoral, disliking agricultural pursuits, and keeping Chinese slaves for that purpose; divided into caste, similar to the primeval caste divisions of the Indian Aryans; possessing the secret of distilling liquors, but using them little; doughty warriors, with great powers of endurance; good cooks, but poor architects—this is how Major D'Ollone describes the Lolos. Their women are fine and handsome, possessing some extraordinary marital customs, and wearing, in common with their men folk, a mantle very much akin to the "sharp-padded shoulder" mantle in fashion in this country not many years since, and a pleated skirt, after Hindu style. "No architecture, no statues, no paintings, no industry, people barely clad, dwelling in unfurnished cabins," writes Major D'Ollone; and yet, "the Lolos have possessed a civilisation; they have invented a peculiar mode of writing, and a score of their books, as yet indecipherable, have been brought to Europe." According to Major D'Ollone, far from being a decadent race, in process of disappearance, the Lolos are in full ascension. They are not to be studied as a peculiar variety of savages, destined to disappear upon contact with civilisation and presenting no point of interest, save to the anthropologist, but "a people that will one day play a great

part in the destinies of the East." Have they commenced to play their part already?

And the country of the Lolos? Let this extract suffice—a glimpse of an unknown and unsuspected world of beauty:—

"Full of these thoughts we entered, always climbing, a forest, which the mist and snow had concealed. We were in an absolute fairyland. Around us, above us, all was a world of marvellous flowers, gleaming through the snow like globes of fire. Overhead were giant rhododendrons, over thirty feet high, their boughs laden with white or bright red blossom; below them were arborescent azaleas, raising their rosy calices to a height of fifteen feet. Mossy lianas, glistening with moisture, hung like garlands from tree to tree, while the white flakes of snow fluttered down like butterflies. It was a dream-picture, in which nothing seemed real: these blossom-laden trees, the petals opening in the snow, this scene of beauty and splendor, burning through the mists on the summits of the wildest mountains."

The remainder of Major D'Ollone's book is full of interest, for he is always the *raconteur*, as well as the *savant*, and the combination is an alluring one. Most of the exploration work among the Miao-Tze was done by Captain de Fleurelle, who established these facts—that the Miao-Tze are neither independent, nor are they Miao-Tze. The country, supposed to be inhabited chiefly by Miao-Tze, was found to be peopled by the Tai race—that great race which, centuries back, spread southwards into Indo-China, driving before them the Malays and other races indigenous to the country. In one district only, Kwei-Hua, the Miao-Tze were found, though even there the Tai were also, and treated as lords by the Miao-Tze. The Miao-Tze possess this great peculiarity, by means of which they are to be distinguished from the Chinese—they are extremely fond of dancing, an art foreign to the Chinese, and it is a somewhat significant fact that the reed instrument which provides them with most of their music is to be found in similar use amongst the Mongols, whilst in the regions between it is absolutely unknown. This would seem to point to a Mongolian origin for the Miao-Tze.

In crossing Tibet, many difficulties and dangers were encountered, and at one time it looked as though the entire party would meet with massacre, but the journey was completed eventually, from Song-Pan-Ting to Lhabrang, whence Major D'Ollone passed to Peking, meeting and being accorded an audience of the Dalai Lama *en route*. Major D'Ollone's description of the Si-Fan tallies very much with that given of the Tibetans by Sven Hedin, and in one respect exactly—dislike of water for washing purposes! Neither polyandry nor communism were encountered, and one of the chief results was the discovery of some wonderful frescoes—at the lamasery of Tartsa-Gomba—of which Major D'Ollone says: "The slightly *gauche* grace of their execution could not fail to evoke the pre-renaissance art of our French convents, while they had scarcely any relation to Chinese art."

There is a lost and scattered world lying in mid-Asia, of which these frescoes, the feudal system of the Lolos, and the pipes and dancing of the Miao-Tze form a part. Will ever another Jenghiz Khan arise to unite these scattered fragments into a whole, wherewith to thrill Europe with alarm as it was thrilled once, by stout old Sabutai and his warriors?

#### PRAGMATISM AND LOGIC.

"Formal Logic: A Scientific and Social Problem." By F. C. S. SCHILLER, M.A., D.Sc. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

THIS work is called by the author a "critical text-book"; it aims at giving as much knowledge of traditional formal logic as is required for passing examinations at Oxford, together with as much pragmatism as may persuade the student that all formal logic is worthless. An exposition of a subject by a man who does not believe in it has always certain drawbacks; it is hardly to be expected that he will go out of his way to state a case better than it has been stated by its advocates, and therefore their more superficial errors tend to be treated as fundamental. Dr. Schiller, in common with all (or nearly all) teachers of formal logic at Oxford, and the vast majority elsewhere, is ignorant of the work that has been done on the subject during the last sixty-eight years, since Boole published his "Laws of Thought." The

subject he is criticising is not the subject treated of by modern writers, but the subject which has filtered down from Aristotle to the schoolmen, and thence to the examination-room. If mankind entertained any respect either for truth or for the young, this subject would long ago have been eliminated from every curriculum. Since it remains, attacks on it are to be welcomed, and, in spite of being in the sheep's clothing of a text-book, Dr. Schiller's attack cannot fail to be useful.

Formal logic, he justly observes, could never have escaped detection so long if it had not been ranked among the "literary" subjects. But his attack on it is itself a "literary" attack. There is a remarkable contrast between Dr. Schiller and William James, considering the close agreement in their opinions. William James's outlook was scientific, and much colored by physiology and biology. Dr. Schiller's outlook is literary; his ancestors are the philosophical sceptics, Protagoras, Sextus Empiricus, and their successors. It is true that he speaks of "science" with respect, but he uses it essentially as a stick to beat his literary colleagues. For this reason, his criticisms are apt to be not very fruitful, even when they are just. His philosophy really results from putting new wine into old bottles. "Everything in Aristotle is rubbish"; this is the new wine. "All truth is in Aristotle"; this is the old bottles. By putting these two premisses together, we obtain a syllogism whose conclusion is the pragmatist theory of truth.

"Of all the discoveries," says Dr. Schiller, "which man has made by dint of sheer reflection, the syllogism is assuredly the greatest" (p. 187). This is an illustration of the old bottles; the following pages, which argue that the syllogism is utterly worthless, are an illustration of the new wine.

The present work aims, of course, at proving that the fundamental principles of logic are neither *a priori* intuitions nor generalisations from experience, but *postulates*—that is to say, working assumptions—which we make because they have been found to work, and retain so long as they continue to work. This view, though it undoubtedly has a certain truth, raises new problems which Dr. Schiller seems dimly to perceive, though he does not discuss them. If a postulate *works*, even partially, this fact shows us something as to the nature of the real world; the fact that it works is no longer a mere postulate.

"Postulates," he says (p. 301), "have, of course, to make good their claims to be applicable to the actual course of nature. But this is not a question that can be settled by making postulates, however strenuously; it depends on experience, and, as we urged against the rationalist theory, must always continue to do so. For even if they hold good up to date, it is always conceivable, though never presumable, that nature may become more recalcitrant to our postulations."

In this passage, the *via media* between empiricism and rationalism appears to be abandoned, and pure empiricism is recommended on the question as to how far we are to believe our postulates. This raises the problem—unanswerable on a purely empiricist basis—as to why there should be even the slightest presumption that the future will in any way resemble the past. A change, we are told, "is always conceivable, though not presumable." But why it is not presumable we are not told.

There are two elements in Dr. Schiller's philosophy, both present in this book, but important to disentangle. There is, on the one hand, the insistence on risk and adventure, on the uncertainty of all our beliefs, and the impossibility of removing all reason for doubt. This element is very valuable, and calculated to keep thought fresh and living. In regard to formal logic, where the medieval tradition still fetters the minds of many teachers, and where, to a superficial reflection, there may seem to be very little room for doubt, it is particularly desirable to insist upon the chance of error. In so far as Dr. Schiller's book does this, it will be judged useful by all open-minded people. The other element in his philosophy is subjectivism, or what he calls humanism, the doctrine that man is the measure of all things. The value of this element is much more open to question. It leads him to be content with postulation as the source of all our fundamental principles, with the tradition that logic is concerned with thought, and with a theory of truth which does not demand that a true belief shall in any way correspond with fact. Much of the

attractiveness of pragmatism, to some scientific minds, is undoubtedly due to the former element; they accept the subjectivism, because they believe it inseparably bound up with the other. If, however, this belief is erroneous, it becomes highly important to separate the two elements; and, whatever may be thought of the second, the value of the first is such that Dr. Schiller's attack on formal logic is likely to be useful to many who would not otherwise have escaped from the traditional nonsense.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

## MOUNTAINS AND LITERATURE.

"Peaks and Pleasant Pastures." By CLAUD SCHUSTER.  
(Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

EVERY sport has its appointed scribes, and probably gets the literature it deserves, so that while pigeon-shooting still awaits its Homer, mountaineering has attracted many gifted pens. Some have written because they had done good work of which the world was glad to learn, and, with them, style was perhaps not so essential as matter. Fortunately, however, the masters of the craft were often possessed of great literary talent. Whymper, Leslie Stephen, and Mummery were great climbers, and also great writers. Their disciples have not been so happy, and the men who have come to the front as mountaineers have sometimes lacked the power to make their memories live. We read them, and wonder whether the Alps are played out as themes for literature.

Fortunately, an occasional climber proves that this fear is unfounded. Mountaineering—like some, but by no means all, sports—attracts the man who is content to follow the beaten track of the pioneer, but who can somehow weave a new strand into the commonplace web, can recapture the vague indefinite emotions which more adventurous folk often fail to translate into the written word.

Mr. Schuster has not wandered beyond the walls of the old playground. He has been content to take guides, and, in the main, to follow familiar routes. He has crossed the Meije, but has remained untempted by fancy routes up the Grepón, and his book depends for its interest on subjective rather than objective novelty.

Mr. Schuster belongs to a school of mountain writers that is small but select. Whymper, Mummery, and others in a less degree have given us the romance of mountaineering, with its sudden Greek contrasts, victory and defeat, laughter and death. But, somehow, the books to which we turn most lovingly are those which convey the quieter aspects of the hills, books which retain

"The savor and shade of the old-world pine forests  
Where the wet hill winds sleep."

Mr. Schuster is of the school which Leslie Stephen may be said to have founded, for somehow we think of Stephen less as the victor of the Schreckhorn than as the wizard who, by the effortless magic of happy simple phrases, crystallised the essential poetry of the hills. Fitly to describe mountain scenery is given only to the elect. Ruskin thundered through columns of exotic eloquence, but he never startles you, as Stephen does with the sudden sense of half-forgotten beauty. Whymper caught the authentic spirit of mountain adventure; but contrast the tedious catalogue of things seen from the Matterhorn with the few deft touches by Stephen which simply carry you to the Schreckhorn cairn. The whole secret of describing mountain scenery is to find the simple phrase or simile that differentiates one setting from another, for all mountains are lofty, all precipices frown, all sunsets are golden. Mr. Schuster has this gift. We have all read descriptions of sunrises, and learned to greet with a sigh those old friends the topaz and the opal. But you are caught with a stir of sudden memory, if you have ever seen the sentinel snows, when, "beautiful like the loom of some white-sailed ship far out at sea, each unnamed and unnumbered peak of the East took and reflected the radiance of the morn." It would be pedantic to insist on substituting "West" for "East." An atmosphere of leisurely contemplation makes those essays very delightful reading. Only the philosopher among the hills could have given us "The Middle Age of the Mountaineer." In "The Cup and the Lip," Mr. Schuster strikes a sterner note, and touches on "the mildly Horatian presence of death," which, in the careless novice, troubles us not at all.



## "A CANDIDATE FOR TRUTH."

"A Candidate for Truth." By J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)

"BARKER was still admirable, but he was displaying more human fallibilities and limitations. . . . Before Jacob went to sleep, he even conceived the thought of putting the Vicar into a novel!" Thus we read on page 94, and in another forty, Mr. Beresford has completed his portrait, and the Hon. and Rev. Cecil Barker of St. Mark's, Camden Town, lives henceforward in literature. It was a happy circumstance for the reader as for the hero, Jacob Stahl, that brought the Vicar, this fisher of men, to 107, Liverpool Street, King's Cross, at eleven o'clock one night, on his spiritual quest, keen as ever on making "bold casts for the largest, strongest, and most elusive quarry." We, who have been so unfortunate as not to have encountered "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," a novel of which the sequel lies before us, know no more about the hero's career than the Vicar is told by Wilfred Cairns—viz., that Jacob is an unsuccessful architect, now in a pretty bad way, and that his wife was "rather a bad lot, who went off with another man." But this is quite enough for the Rev. Cecil Barker, and we feel sincerely for him when he comes to the conclusion that Jacob is "small fry, unworthy of Barker's craft—not a sizeable fish"; too malleable, in short, though the fact, which the Vicar soon disinters, that Jacob had "gone away" with the dazzling Lady Paignton, so to speak, redeems his case from utter mediocrity. In the end, the Vicar decides that the young man needs "a tonic and a helping hand," and decides to supply it. So Jacob Stahl leaves his miserable lodging, and enters on his duties as the Vicar's secretary, at five shillings a week, at 63, Acacia Avenue.

The description of the mixed atmosphere at 63, as of the Sunday suppers, where "you might meet anyone—the editor of a London paper, a Cabinet Minister, a member of the remotest elect in society, or, on the other hand, someone recently discharged from Pentonville or Holloway," is as brilliantly presented as is the psychology of the Rev. Cecil Barker. The Vicar's "cases," who are always being undertaken at "63," give one something of the uneasy feeling of a cage of half-tamed animals. There is, for example, Woodhouse, the junior curate—a case of a "drink-cure"—who thinks Barker's system is rotten, and defines it as "pandering to the sinners and giving the saints the go-by. As long as you're a case, Barker's all over you, patting you on the shoulder and calling you 'my dear old chap.' But when the subject has ceased to interest him, he just chucks you, and goes off after someone else." Woodhouse, however, succumbs quite unexpectedly, and makes a scandal in church one evening by reading the lesson when he is too drunk to articulate properly, and then revolts openly, and tells the Vicar to do his worst. "So violent and determined a sinner should have been worth an infinity of trouble. But Barker realised, as a good fisherman should, when the quarry was too heavy for his tackle; he saw there were times when it was better to snap the line rather than to let his fish break away—a disaster which might mean loss of prestige and loss of self-confidence." So the Bishop is written to, and Woodhouse is dismissed with ignominy. Then there is the case of Miss Freda Cairns, a young lady of character, whom Barker successfully weans from a threatened attachment to a married philanderer of forty. But some months later, when Jacob goes in search of the Vicar again for help for the miserable Woodhouse, who has fallen lower, he learns that Miss Cairns is openly living with the Vicar's latest case but one, "Philip Laurence, a poet of some reputation, who was spending his body to the detriment of his mind," and that both of these backsliding converts are "frightfully unregenerate." But the Vicar does not despair, though he had exercised all his power of charm and persuasion to prevent the liaison, and had failed. "She has courage," said the Vicar, "fine courage, and one day she will do a great work for me. The tragedy of life is despair; everything is

possible to those who have courage. Isn't that true, my dear fellow?"

It would be doing Mr. Beresford a grave disservice to give our readers an impression that he has treated his serious subject lightly. On the contrary, the title, "A Candidate for Truth," is admirably descriptive of the spirit and contents of the story. Not since Mark Rutherford's volumes has any spiritual autobiography appeared to us so searching in its grave irony and conviction as Mr. Beresford's. Indeed, in "Book II.: Mrs. Latimer," the critic might suggest that the author has dealt too conscientiously with the episode of Jacob's platonic entanglement with a rather solitary, pathetic widow, and that the exposition of their relations needs, here and there, some stroke of light malice. Here it is a question of sincerity v. art, as in the full and satisfying picture of Jacob's business life at Price and Mallinson's printing works. We may here premise that Jacob Stahl has been put on his feet again by an introduction given him by the Rev. Cecil Barker, and that he has now passed from an advertisement agency into the employment of a big city firm of printers, at a salary of £250 a year. The account of the conduct of this business, under the reorganising hand of the over-sanguine Mr. Sampson, and of Jacob's difficulties with his chief, and with the manager, Mr. Blaise, is typical, more or less, of thousands of such business worries and business energies. But is it not a trifle exhaustive? In modern life, the greyer and less palatable the environment, the more the chronicler is inclined to dwell on it, to convey its force and pressure. But supreme sense of style is necessary if the artist is to do justice to his stubborn facts without loss of beauty. Mr. Beresford has come out well, on the whole, from the conflict with his matter; but we note that he takes three touches to do what Mark Rutherford effects in one. Jacob Stahl's relations with his business employers, with Mrs. Latimer, and finally with Miss Betty Heathcote, the charming factotum in the Bloomsbury boarding-house, where we temporarily leave him, are all painted with a fine, searching passion for spiritual truth, but the pace of the narrative is too deliberate. From the artistic point of view, these portions of the book are inferior to that in which the Rev. Cecil Barker displays himself, for in the latter we have the elements of surprise and dramatic contrast.

Style apart, one has little but praise for the pictures of life that are conjured up by the author's deep sincerity. The narrative of his hero's struggles to find himself and to master his circumstances is backed by a finely critical insight into human nature. The author is perfectly just to all his characters, and it is this that lends such weight to his moral ideas. A noteworthy passage is that in which the Rev. Cecil Barker, on discovering that Jacob Stahl's wife, Lola—from whom he is separated—has become the protégée of the philanthropic Mrs. Murgatroyd, pays her a visit with the object of forcing both husband and wife back into the conjugal yoke. He fails, simply because Mrs. Murgatroyd has herself separated from a vicious husband, and has as insistent a bias against husbands in general as has Barker in favor of indissoluble matrimony. The spectacle of these two formidable moralists disagreeing over Jacob Stahl's case is both edifying and diverting. Accordingly, we are forced to range ourselves on the side of this humble hero, who has bought his experience in a dear school, and the Rev. Cecil Barker is swept into the great category of those admirable teachers who seek to expel nature with a pitchfork.

In the chapter, "Climax," Mr. Beresford brings things to a head for his hero, by the latter's discovery that for him Betty is the one woman he could "perfectly reverence, serve, and worship." But before this attractive programme can be entered upon, Jacob has to confess his past to Betty, and break down her opposition. She has grown to love him, but she is not yet ready to follow him. The analysis of the searchings of heart and conscience that Jacob has to undergo before he can bring Betty to "be brave and strong and snap her fingers at the world's opinion" is very thorough, and reminds us of the ethical standpoint of George Eliot. It is, indeed, with great interest in Mr. Beresford's exposition that we close the second volume of his trilogy, looking forward to the third, which we are told will contain "the further history of Jacob and Betty."



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Atlas	10	24s.	88	6½	5½	6	6s.	4 9 0
Commercial Union	10	1	90	22½	19½	20½	80 p.c.	5 0 0
Law Union and Rock	10	12s.	94	7½	5½	8	8s.	3 18 0
Do. Fully Paid	1	1	nil	8½	6½	8½	8s.	5 0 0
Legal and General	50	8	84	23	17	23	24s.	4 14 0
Liverpool and London and Globe	10	1	90	23½	22½	23½	110 p.c.	5 4 3
London and Lancashire Fire	25	2½	90	30½	27	30½	46 p.c.	4 13 9
London and Lancashire Life and General	5	1	80	3	2½	2½	15 p.c.	3 15 6
London Assurance Corporation	25	12½	50	55	49	50	20	5 9 0
North British and Mercantile	25	6½	75	40½	39½	40	40s.	5 0 0
Phoenix	50	5	90	35	31½	33½	35 p.c.	5 4 6
Do. Pelican Shares	5	5	nil	39½	38½	39	35 p.c.	4 10 0
Royal Exchange	Stk.	100	nil	218	210	212½	10	4 14 0
Royal Insurance	10	1½	85	26½	24½	26	76½ p.c.	4 8 6
Sun Insurance	10	1	90	13½	13½	13½	12s.	4 1 3
Sun Life	10	7½	25	25½	20½	24	13½	4 3 0

increasingly unpopular in City circles, and the Italian Government is now borrowing money in London very freely, but very quietly, by means of short-term Treasury Bills. The drain of the war must be much heavier than the Italian public is allowed to suppose. Money is also being borrowed in Paris, in both cases at just under 4 per cent. On the Stock Exchange there has been plenty of speculation in the Industrial Markets. Trade is very active, and large profits are being made. The satisfactory results of the Coal Trade Bill are an encouraging feature for Home Railways and for other domestic securities.

#### INSURANCE SHARES AS INVESTMENTS.

In the bargain-hunting which has been the feature of the Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange during the past few months, some attention has been directed to insurance companies' shares. As investments, these shares are little held by the general public; but, as amalgamations have been frequent among insurance companies, and "amalgamation" or "absorption" have been the magic words in the Stock Exchange lately, a few intrepid buyers have appeared. The great factor which places insurance shares upon the same plane as bank shares for investment purposes is the large amount of uncalled liability on most of the shares. Hence they are held chiefly by officials and directors of the companies themselves, and, in addition, by members of the legal profession. The above is a list of the leading proprietary insurance companies' shares. In this list, yields vary from 3½ in the case of London and Lancashire Fire, to nearly 5½ on London and Lancashire Life and General. These two companies, although similar in name, have no connection between them like that which exists between the Sun Life and Sun Insurance or Norwich Union Life and Norwich Union Fire. The low yield on the fire company's shares is due to rapid rise in the dividend, and the prospect of a further increase, and a similar reason holds for Commercial Union shares. Three companies have issues of fully paid shares in addition to those with liability, and these provide an illustration of how the liability is regarded. In all three cases the partly-paid shares yield nearly 15s. per cent. per annum more. The liability on the shares of the purely life companies ought to be practically negligible; but it is hardly so regarded, except in the case of Sun Life, where the yield is only 4 1-16 per cent. Legal and General return nearly 5½ per cent. In both these cases the dividend is declared at the quinquennial valuations, and remains unchanged for five years. The high yield on London and Lancashire Life and General is due to fears that the new departments (Accident, Employers' Liability,

business at present, so that the risks are compensated. The shares to avoid in the Insurance Share Market are those of young or struggling companies of whatever kind. They cannot hope to compete with the big offices. In comparison with the shares of the well-established companies in the above list, the small companies' shares, at present prices, are practically all over valued.

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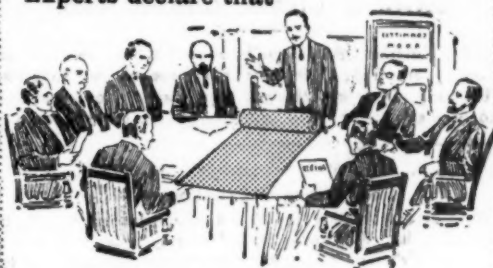
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